THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873. TERMS {$2.00 a Year in Advance. / Single Number, 5 Cents.} No. 48.

BLIGHTED.

BY GEO. KLINGLE.

She was singing as he passed;
Twining willows deft and fast;
Twining willows, singing low,
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow—
Did he then at last behold
Eyes of light and locks of gold
Matched to some Madonna old
He had seen—an ideal fair,
Mystic light on lip and hair?
Andalusia's fairest maids
He had scanned in woods and glades—
Fairest maids from sea to sea—
But a one he found so fair as she.
He wooed and won the little maid,
And robed her in the rich Hispalis,
And paid her court in regal halls—
But sad her smile amid it all,
For, nestled where the willows grow,
And where the mountain vinets blow,
She faded as a flower that dies
In sighing for its own blue skies.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

THE MEETING AT THE RUINED PRIORY.

CHAPTER V.

A SUDDEN RESOLUTION.

The blow struck by the unknown fisherman was a sturdy one, though only stunning for a moment; but short as was the fall and the rise, Lucy was out of sight when the furious and baffled baronet clambered to his feet; and worst of all, he knew nothing of the person of his antagonist.

Lucy, who was ready to faint, no sooner saw that Sir Vincent Mordaunt was simply stunned than she hurried away, clutching with nervous energy the arm of her champion and preserver, which, indeed, she never left until, reaching the stile, she discovered that the valiant rescuer was no other than a half-crazed groom of Hubert Treherne's, who generally went among the stable-boys by the name of Dick Dart, or Daft Dick. Hubert had rescued the youth in London, a few weeks before, from a mob of persecuting boys, and the poor fellow had been as devoted as a dog to him ever since.

Tall, thin, gaunt, with an uneasy and restless expression on his thickly-tanned countenance, with his flesh a little more plump than before, but still with a keen and hungry glance, the youth appeared to take a wild pride in his achievement.

He stood still, nodded his head, laughed, and then, suddenly taking off his cap, paid her that respect which was her due.

"One too many for him," he said, with a grin, the intense meaning of which only those who saw it could fathom.

"I am obliged to you, Dick," replied Lucy, gently. "I hope you have not hurt him much. But how came you to be at hand?"

"Fish tell me you come," he continued, with an earnest gaze at the neighboring water.

"Then it is you I have seen fishing from yonder mount," she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"And does your master know?"

"Send me—road awkward—tramp insult lady—not while Dick Dart has a heart," he exclaimed.

"You are a good fellow, and now you can walk near me. I shall go home—my nerves are too unstrung for a journey to the village."

And she led the way, considerably moved by this indication of Hubert Treherne's watchful care of her well-doing, as well as deeply gratified to see the young groom's devotion take so useful a turn for herself on this occasion.

Dick before reaching the house was duly cautioned to say nothing of the rencontre to any one save only to his master, and with this earnest caution was dismissed on the verge of the garden ground. Now, Lucy did not credit a word Sir Vincent had uttered, but despised and scorned his threats; and yet a great dread came over her, as she reflected how much misery a man of his character could perpetrate. As far as she was personally concerned she feared him not, but he had muttered threats against others, and, though really unable to say how he could carry out his menaces, she could not help a sense of coming evil from creeping over her soul.

More than an hour elapsed ere she felt sufficiently restored to meet her grandmother with that degree of calmness which would insure that no suspicions should arise in her mind of any important event having occurred.

Lady Mordaunt was in unusually good spirits, had a hundred little household affairs to dwell on, a dozen anecdotes to relate, so that Lucy was spared much exertion.

But during this moment of relief she had made up her mind. First and foremost she would tell the truth, whatever the result.

There was no occasion to go into unnecessary details.

"Grandmamma," she said, at length, when there was a suitable pause in the conversation, "I have something very particular to tell you."

"Well, my dear, I am silent. I think I have talked enough for one day."

"No, grandmamma, I was very much interested; but what I have to repeat is of some importance."

"Young ladies' secrets generally are," cried the grandmother, with a gentle and loving glance.

"I have received an offer of marriage to-day."

"Well," said Lady Hester Mordaunt, with the most provoking calmness and innocence.

"But whom do you think from?" eagerly added the young girl.

"I really cannot say, unless Peter has ventured, or the deaf curate, or—or—"

"Sir Vincent Mordaunt, grandmother."

"Ah!" said the lady, becoming at once more grave and solemn than she had ever been since Lucy arrived, while the working of the facial muscles showed how much the news excited her. "And what did Lucy Mordaunt say to the proud young baronet of our name?"

"Refused him."

A glow as of sunshine illumined the withered face of the old woman.

"Why?"

"Because, not only do I dislike him, but because his manner was both vulgar and impertinent. He seemed to consider that he did me great honor in asking me to ally the money you promised me and all my supposed advantages to his name and title. He even went so far as to threaten."

"Did he call you a stage girl?" asked the old woman, gloomily.

"He did. He was most offensive in his manner," she continued.

"But, Lucy, supposing you had been a poor dependent, suppose you had your own way to make in the world, instead of being an heiress, would you have refused this man?"

"That would I," she cried, with quite a merry laugh. "Independence and a crust, however hardly earned, before contact with such a man. Never since I have been able to appreciate grown-up people, did I ever meet one so utterly antagonistic to my feelings. No, no, better be the wife of an honest day-laborer than of one like Sir Vincent Mordaunt."

"Right, right," cried the lady, warmly "And now, child, tell me exactly how it all happened."

And Lucy did, though she softened as much as possible all the asperities of the narrative, and painted his rudeness in far less odious colors than the reality.

"As for his threats, take no heed, child," said the dame, when she had concluded her narrative. "I will see that you are safe from such as he. Perhaps his audacious venture may be more useful to you than you suppose."

At this moment Hubert returned, and shortly after the lady left them alone, to go to her room and write one or two letters, demanded as she thought by the circumstances of the case.

"How was it, Lucy, you never came to the village to-day?" asked Hubert, as soon as they were alone.

"I started to go," replied Miss Mordaunt, "but had such a fright on the road, I had to come back under the distinguished patronage of Dick Dart."

"Indeed," he added; "may I ask the nature of the fright?"

"Well," said Lucy, with a coquettish smile, "when I say fright, I don't know that I ought to say fright; most young ladies would have observed agreeable surprise."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, an offer of marriage from a gentleman of rank and fortune is generally considered so, I think, in polite society," replied Miss Mordaunt, with a stately air.

Hubert stood still. His face became of a pallid hue, his knees literally tottered under him. With something very like a groan he sank into a chair.

"And I am to understand that Miss Mordaunt accepted," he said, in a faltering tone.

Lucy looked at him with a smile so sweet that had he not been studying the carpet pattern he must have been very much gratified.

"Miss Mordaunt did nothing of the kind; but Miss Mordaunt must obtain from Mr. Treherne a promise to restrain all heroics and tendencies to assault and battery if Miss Mordaunt condescends to explain."

"Lucy, you are an angel, and I will promise anything," he cried.

"Dick Dart having knocked the gentleman down, I think he is rather severely punished already," said Lucy, with a laugh; and as lightly as she could she told the story.

Hubert was almost wild with passion. He certainly would have horsewhipped Sir Vincent, and fought him afterward, save for his promise to Lucy, which he held sacred.

"Lucy," he said, tenderly and gently, after some discussion on the matter, "there is only one remedy for this state of things."

"Must I run away?"

"Not unless you run away with me. Lucy, you must select a husband to guard and protect you. Once married, no man will dare to insult you—much less this dastard, whose only motive is to gain your fortune."

"Which is not mine yet."

"Which surely will be. This kind of opposition will only make your grandmother more determined. But you do not answer my suggestion."

"Which?"

"As to taking a husband," urged Hubert.

"The idea is not a bad one," replied Lucy, with a light laugh; "but among my numerous acquaintances, whose husband shall I take? I know of no eligible one except dear old Mr. Clarke, and then only fancy what Mrs. Clarke would say."

"Lucy," said Hubert, in quite a doleful tone.

"Hubert," she repeated, quite as lugubriously.

"If you would only be serious for one moment."

"My dear sir, I was never more serious in all my life," she answered.

"Then must I, on the risk of a woman's humor, stake my all. Lucy, I love you; have done so since we sat talking on the steamboat. I should have spoken long before had you continued poor, but suddenly your fortune became a stumbling-block in my way. Still that is no fault of mine, and does not make my heart feel a whit less strongly. I love you, Lucy, with my heart and soul, and though an idle and half-crazy painter, who has never done anything worthy in his life, has no right to hope, still I must speak, even if I am doomed to never hear your voice again. As to your fortune, since it is yours, I will be a faithful steward of it—I ask, I wish, no share in it. Lucy, you avert your head, you weep, you turn away."

"You have been so sudden," she said, in a low, hushed voice.

"If I have startled you, give me hope. Let me wait, and bide my time."

"It would be useless," she said, gravely; "I should give you the same answer a year hence as now."

"Then you refuse me?"

"No, Hubert. If my grandmother approves, my fortune and my hand are heartily yours. Under other circumstances I might have wished longer time to reflect; in fact, you have quite startled me, but after what occurred to-day it would be idle to hesitate."

"But," said the lover, only half satisfied, "do you love me? you have said nothing of that."

"Hubert, have I not promised to marry you—to enter upon one of the most sacred contracts in life, to bind myself to you for as long as we do live—and you ask me if I love you? Surely you are doubtful of yourself."

To this Hubert solemnly demurred, and then one of those delicious hours of existence, when man and woman lay bare the inner secrets of their hearts, and all the sweet sympathies which have guided them upon the pleasant path, took place. They were perfectly, unrestrainedly, happy.

Hubert regarded Lucy very much as a superior being, and therefore it seemed such incredible happiness to have won her—to be able to call her his, to sit stroking her beautiful hair, and listening to the soft murmur of her voice, was happiness beyond control.

"And you will visit Rome with me—see all the grandeur and beauties of art?" he cried.

"I will try to do all that a dutiful wife should," she said, laughing; "but you promise not to quarrel with Sir Vincent."

"He and I, love, met to-day. We were not particularly polite; but I believe that we shall not soon meet again."

"Soon or late, you will be prudent, Hubert? Thank Heaven, dueling is out of fashion."

"In England," he replied.

And the subject dropped.

CHAPTER VI.

A SOLEMN PROPOSAL.

The position of Sir Vincent Mordaunt on his return to town had been one of a peculiarly disagreeable nature. He was without money, and many of his creditors were pressing very hard. Newcombe Twist declared that the money-lenders were pitiless, and the city closed to his wants. Gold is of a peculiarly timorous character, and once infected by a panic becomes secret and concealed.

There remained expatriation—a kind of male *demi-monde* life at Boulogne-sur-Mer—or marriage with Lady Blanche. This would stave off much misery and annoyance, while a rigid adherence to economy would soon free him from all his liabilities. But in the meantime he must abdicate; he must give way to other leaders of fashion.

He determined to try his fortune with Lucy first of all.

In that man's teeming and scheming brain were a host of plots and plans to remove Lucy from his path. Every one of them which appeared feasible was also dangerous. Human life and human rights are not to be played with with impunity in England.

The grand scheme which occupied his mind chiefly could not be carried out during Lady Mordaunt's life. At a word she could overthrow it.

What Sir Vincent wished at any price was to appear the heir-at-law, with a good prospect of a reversion. The money-lenders would then again trust him.

But the declaration of Lady Hester had been again too explicit, too wide-spread, to admit of its being concealed, and Sir Vincent Mordaunt found his position far from improved after his journey.

Having complete control of the estates, taking all the rents, and looking after the mortgages, it was not possible for Newcombe Twist to pretend to be without cash. The baronet was always, therefore, sure of pocket-money.

Still, just now he held a tight rein, and when the baronet threatened a professional accountant, laughed, and said that this would entail instant bankruptcy, whereas, in truth, it was the only means by which he could have extricated himself, and exposed the band of leeches that were preying upon him.

"I must have money," cried Sir Vincent.

"Well, if you must, I suppose a little may be found. Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-morrow? Jones, of Bocking, has sent me up some venison."

"I will come," said Sir Vincent, who would have gone anywhere for money.

Twist hurried off, and from that moment his whole thoughts were bent upon receiving his distinguished patron in an appropriate manner.

Twist was really rich, but his establishment was carried on in a mild style of fashion, not at all alarming. In fact, the idea of a baronet coming to dinner put the whole household in a tremor, from Mrs. Newcombe Twist and Amy, her beautiful daughter, to the page in buttons.

But order soon came out of chaos under the stern rule of the master-hand, and when the steward decanted the wine, while Mrs. Twist and Amy put the finishing touches to their toilettes, all appeared perfectly in order.

Amy was remarkably handsome—"eighteen, dark, but not too dark"—and possessed every possible fascination that can belong to woman. She was the opposite of vulgar, possessing a generous freshness which was peculiarly her own, and by no means inherited from either of her parents.

Newcombe Twist drew her out with considerable tact—so well, indeed, that the baronet saw at once the object with which he had been invited. Instead of being irritated he was amused, and paid such extravagant attentions to both mother and daughter as to place one in the seventh heaven, while Amy was far more puzzled than satisfied.

After dinner the baronet turned sharply to business.

"Comfortable crib here," he said; "nice wife, charming daughter. Lucky fellow! By the way, how much can you spare me?"

"A couple of hundred."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Sir Vincent Mordaunt. "You could manage more if you liked!"

"I have made out a balance-sheet here, which, now I have you to myself, you must look at. You have been of age thirteen years, during which you have spent an income of eleven thousand a-year, and got into debt over two hundred thousand, the interest of which absorbs your income. To put you straight you must begin by paying off fifty or sixty thousand pounds, which would enable you to spend a couple of thousand a-year, and gradually pay off everything!"

"Why enter into these details now?"

"Because, my dear sir, I have money—looked up, it is true, but still money—which, by notice, can be had. On certain conditions, I am willing to pay off a hundred thousand, consolidate your debts, get the rate of interest lowered considerably, and arrange that in a few years you shall be free as air!"

"And the conditions, my friend?" replied the baronet, filling a tumbler of claret.

"You have, I may say truly, observed that my daughter is a charming girl. I am proud to say she is more—she is an excellent girl, and will have every penny of mine at a future period. Sir Vincent Mordaunt, you might do worse than give my daughter a title, and take her Three per cents. If you marry her, I will free your estates completely—so now the murder is out."

"Well, Newcombe," said the baronet, quite calmly and steadily, "I see nothing but an honorable and fair transaction in what you propose. At the same time, I shall not do anything in a hurry. Miss Amy would make an excellent Lady Mordaunt, no doubt; but I must have time to reflect!"

"Certainly—certainly—that is a matter of course," replied Newcombe Twist, and after some few words more the subject was changed.

"The confounded old rascal!" cried Sir Vincent, when alone. "After bleeding me half to death, and making a fortune out of my ruin, he wants to tie me to that girl of his. Not but what she is magnificent, charming, and all that. A month or two would, however, end all that, and there would remain—the attorney's daughter. No! We will see after Lucy first. I will run down, propose, and then look about me, study the ground, and see if something is not to be done. I don't think a Hubert Treherne and a mere school-girl should stand in the way of Sir Vincent Mordaunt's fortunes."

Next day he left town, and took up apartments in the neighborhood of the manor-house.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GYPSY CHIEF.

It was a wild and stormy night, after a sultry day that had weighed upon the spirits of all human kind, with its lurid, metallic-looking sky, that hung like a huge funereal pall upon the face of nature. There had been clear signs in the heavens and upon the earth of a coming storm, signs never neglected by the hind and farmer.

But there are natures to whom at times such weather is even palatable, and such for the time being was Sir Vincent Mordaunt. The baronet was, with all his avarice, profligacy and love of show, no absolute fool, and well aware that his machinations against Lucy Mordaunt must be carried out with care and cunning. Any violent action which should give him the advantage over a young and innocent girl would at once be traced to him, and suspicion once excited he was well aware how far it will go.

He had, however, in his own mind resolved upon a course of action which would enable him, in all probability, to secure the end desired, and at the same time cast off suspicion from himself.

It was necessary, however, to be circumspect, as before he could act he must find an apt and unscrupulous accomplice.

To begin with, after his repulse by Lucy, he ostensibly left the county, taking up his residence at a small market-town in the vicinity, where he could be secluded without fear of being recognized. Even in England, when men condescend to amours of a low grade, they are compelled to become adepts at disguise, and Sir Vincent Mordaunt, who had never been a man of sensitive or delicate mind, took particular delight in these transformations. On one occasion already he had found his dramatic powers peculiarly useful.

During several days he dwelt at a small inn in the market-place, overlooking the busy scene, and watched the occurrences of the day with marked interest. His attention was particularly attracted on one occasion by the presence of a party of gypsies. The men, as usual, were horsey, and indulged in trading on a limited scale, while the women stole about telling fortunes, and practising all the tricks which appertain to their peculiar caste.

One man appeared to take no part in any transaction, simply lounging about, and casting glances to the right and left, which appeared to Sir Vincent both sombre and suspicious.

This, then, was what he had been looking for, and he at once determined to open up an acquaintance. Dressed in a clean smock frock, neatly worked up in the front, leather gaiters and stout shoes—he had sacrificed both whiskers and mustache—it would have been hard, indeed, if he had been recognized by his dearest friend.

Strolling across the crowded place, he placed himself near to the gypsy, who was tall, wiry, very dark, but exceedingly handsome, with nearly black eyes, that flashed wildly, and were now fixed with some interest upon the roughest, hardiest little pony Sir Vincent Mordaunt thought he had ever seen.

"Pretty creature," remarked the baronet.

"Good—not pretty," replied the gypsy, in a deep, hollow tone. "That beast is for work, not show."

"You seem to fancy him, master."

"I mean to buy him," retorted the other, turning toward where the owner stood.

The bargain was soon struck, the dealer merrily saying that he never made difficulties with a gypsy, as, if they did not find their price accepted, they were apt to have the animal cheaper still.

"Your price," said the gypsy, sternly, as he produced his bag, and dipped his hand in it.

It was mentioned, accepted, and the money having been paid, the imposing-looking Bohemian turned away, leading his purchase by the halter.

"How much for your bargain?" asked Sir Vincent, following him.

"Gold will not buy it, my good fellow," returned the other.

"Well, you are a queer one," continued the supposed laborer. "Suppose you change your mind, where am I to see you to-morrow?"

As the other turned upon him, and showed his dark and sunburnt face, his coal black, blazing eyes, a sinister smile revealed a set of beautiful white teeth.

"Man, you desire to see me. The tents of Kedar are well known! If you want me, my name and place of abode is no secret. Seek and you shall find."

With these words he turned away, and left the disguised baronet slightly discomfited.

Still he resolved not to be balked. His estimate of human nature was a low one; he judged all mankind by the mere unworthy specimens which had fallen in his way, and thought that, however proud and dignified this personage might appear, yet at bottom, like the rest, he could not resist the power of money.

So the next evening, having found out from idlers round the beer-house who the man was, and taken care to make himself familiar with the way, he started on his adventure.

It was nearly sunset as he left the inn, and the clouds, which had hung about the western sky throughout the day, now rose in mounting columns, like smoke from a burning forest, and thickening gradually, at length assumed the form of huge billowy masses, first purple, then flame-colored, turning next to ashy, and then to angry gray.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt had waited the receipt of letters ere he undertook his journey, or he might have started at an earlier hour. At it was, ere he had gone a mile, darkness rushed onward like a phantom steed. The night was as yet calm and still, but the huge inky clouds above were indications sufficient of what was coming.

He had borrowed a rough, shaggy horse, and mounted on this soon reached a pathway, which the horse followed with difficulty, though at last he contrived to scramble through a gap in a hedge, which led to a small retired piece of common, which was studded with from fifteen to twenty low gypsy huts.

Round these sat numerous groups, who were engaged in the varied occupations of cooking and talking.

Sir Vincent moved rather uneasily toward the nearest fire, which was made under a pot, which in his efforts to bring to a boil, a tall, ungainly youth in a smock frock was making himself black in the face. His breath, however, appeared to kindle the sticks, which feat highly excited the approval of a little girl nine or ten years old, who was standing over him in an attitude of command.

Though her dress was scanty, her taper legs bare and brown, her whole aspect dusky, there was something deeply attractive in the little fairy figure and her light auburn curls.

"Can I see your chief?" asked Sir Vincent.

The youth made no reply, but went on blowing, while the girl turned round gravely.

"Papa Balthazar expected you earlier," she said, in a soft, sweet, infantine voice. "You cannot speak to him to-night. Come!"

The baronet might have hesitated, but he saw from every group many eyes fixed upon him with an expression of curiosity and suspicion. He at once decided to obey his pretty guide, and stalked after her amid the tents with the mien of a man wholly unconcerned and cool.

The girl halted before a larger tent than common, which she bade Sir Vincent enter, and having done so, stepped back a moment.

"Papa Balthazar," she said, in quite a commanding voice, "wishes you to pass the night here. You must not go outside—your life may be in danger if you do. I will bring you food."

"A pretty kettle of fish," cried the baronet, when he was left alone. "This fellow is like an Eastern potentate or an Arab sheik. Now, I dare say, if I were to disobey his orders I should stand a good chance of a rap on the sconce. I hope he won't forget the inner man, for I am truly hungry."

He had scarcely muttered the thought when the girl entered, followed by the ungainly youth in the smock frock, who set down a trencher well laden, a loaf of wheaten bread, a bottle of brandy, with another of water, after which they again left, this time closing the entrance to the tent.

At that moment a single, sharp and intensely-vivid flash shot from the inky canopy of Heaven, followed by a report as of a field of ordnance.

Sir Vincent wished himself safe back in the tap-room of the village alehouse; but as that might not be, turned his attention to the food before him, which proved a mess of pheasant, poultry, lumps of ham, mushrooms, onions and other piquant condiments, so daintily cooked as quite to startle the epicurean baronet.

He never, perhaps, so thoroughly enjoyed a meal in his life; and when he had washed it down with a good draught of brandy, felt, despite the storm, quite comfortable and at home.

All the time the rain fell, and the wind blew, and the thunder continued to roll onward with increasing violence.

He, however, was in for it, and resolved to make the best of his quarters, which he did by lying down upon a rude couch, lighting a pipe, and drinking brandy in large bumpers. In this way, despite the war of the elements—as his tent proved quite water-tight—he soon slept, and was lost to knowledge of anything that passed.

When he looked forth again the rain had entirely ceased, the thunder came from afar, and the lightning shone at intervals through the trees.

Shivering slightly he returned to his brandy bottle, lit a pipe, and thus roused some warmth within himself.

In this way half an hour passed, and then, though unwilling to disobey the injunctions of the girl, he pushed aside the curtain a little and peered out.

The camp lay in utter silence. The sky, just before curtained with darkness, was now lit up by a serene soft moon, which, gliding along in a watery halo, tinged with silvery light the edges of a few ghostly clouds.

It was a scene to awaken thoughts of admiration and content in a kindred mind; but all the baronet felt was an anxious desire that, storm or calm, the night might pass away, and the time come for the interview with the man who was called by the child Balthazar—a name which, if not strictly appertaining to the gypsies, was often adopted by them.

By means of a copious draught of the spirit, which was good, he contrived to sleep at last, nor did he awake until a busy hum told him that the camp was astir.

He rose, pushed aside the opening of the tent, and looked forth. No one took any notice of him, and seeing the man he was in quest of at no great distance, surrounded by the whole tribe, he made in his direction, attracted by shouts of mingled laughter and applause. Not soul moved, and taking advantage of the general hubbub, he ascended a hillock and looked down.

A narrow lane had been made, and in the very centre of this, holding a pole about a yard from the ground, was Balthazar and the tall, ungainly youth, while the pretty little girl of the night before, mounted on the shaggy pony, was leaping backward and forward in an ecstasy of delight.

It was a beautiful picture, in which the anxious faces of the two who held the pole, the delighted and animated countenances of the lookers-on, and the rapture of the performers, were accessories not likely to be forgotten by the artist.

Suddenly a murmur passed through the crowd; the pole was cast to the ground, and the whole party turned to face the audacious stranger, who was, however, in the act of coolly lighting a pipe.

"Go; I will speak to him," said Balthazar, waving his hand.

Saying this, he advanced to meet the intruder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A THIRD APPOINTMENT.

On his own ground, and surrounded by his people, the gypsy-chief appeared quite another person from the horse-dealer of the market-place. There was a dignity in his walk, in his glance, and in the calm severity of his countenance, that rendered the baronet quite uneasy.

The errand on which he had come was one of no common order. He had to propose that which, if known, would drive him from all respectable society, and make of him a felon and an outcast.

Would the man reject his proffer? He could scarcely imagine it. In all ages and climes the gypsies are regarded as possessed not even of honor; religion is denied to them; while the majority countenance the more evil reports with regard to their race by denying them the possession of souls. But this man was clearly no ordinary personage, and the pretended poacher—the character he could best assume—knew scarcely how to commence the attack.

"Why has the house-dweller left the tent assigned him?" said Balthazar, quite harshly.

"In the first place, my friend," replied Sir Vincent, rather jauntily, "because I could sleep no more; secondly, because, despite your copious supper, I hunger again for the fleshpots of Egypt."

The gypsy smiled grimly, muttered "I thought so," and then spoke aloud.

"Retire to your tent," he said. "The girl shall bring you food. I will join you when you have broken your fast."

"So, my friend," muttered the baronet, as the other turned away, "he will not eat with the stranger. Now, this bodes me no good. These fellows have strange Eastern customs and prejudices, and this is one of them. I must beware."

Still, knowing the better part of valor to be discretion, he obeyed, and waited until the child came with the promised meal, which was as abundant and succulent as the one of the night before.

As soon as it was eaten and cleared away, Balthazar entered, and seating himself at some distance, looked at the other with a wild and wondering eye.

A keen judge of physiognomy would have seen that some great internal struggle was going on.

Gradually the gypsy's countenance resumed its repose, and with less of expression in it, became placid and indifferent.

"To what does the gypsy chief owe the visit of the dweller in houses? Why came you to the dweller on the threshold an eagle in dove's plumage, a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"Ha! ha! my friend, you have seen through my little masquerade, have you? So much the better. We can come the easier to an understanding."

"Who are you, and what seek you?" replied Balthazar.

"Who I am matters not at all," was the answer; "what I seek is another thing. Do you desire to make a thousand pounds?"

"That sum would be riches indeed in the tents of Kedar. Fifty knives might be hired for half," was the cautious reply, though a peculiar smile flattered on his face.

"I ask no knives—I want nothing of the kind—blood is my abhorrence; but I ask your assistance in a difficult undertaking."

"Let me hear what it is."

"But whether we come to terms or not, you will not betray me?" said the baronet, fixing his eye keenly on him.

"I will not betray you," replied the other, after a pause of considerable duration. "Your words shall be sacred to me."

"That is enough, Balthazar. The truth is that a certain person stands in the way of a friend of mine. We have every reason to believe the person to be an impostor, palmed upon a family in order to divert its wealth from its legitimate channel to this false heir. Now, we wish no harm to the party, but we want some gypsies to swear to her being a child stolen by them, and sold to a theatrical speculator, who took her on the Continent, where she has been taught to personate—"

"Lucy Mordaunt!" said the gypsy, in a harsh and husky tone.

"How know you?" cried the startled *soi disant* poacher.

"The history of the heiress of the proud house of Mordaunt is well-known in the gypsy camp. A wolf in history is said to have suckled a hero. Many of the Trendledeep children have found their foster-dams in the tents of Kedar."

"So I have been told."

"You know it, Vincent Mordaunt. Was not this very girl's father the foster child of a gypsy widow, whose husband was slain in a chance encounter?"

"Then I suppose you repudiate my offer?" said the other, rising, somewhat alarmed.

"I neither refuse nor accept. Your proposition is a strange one—to make to me, too, a sworn enemy of the house of Mordaunt."

"Then you should not hesitate," replied the baronet.

The gypsy mused, closed his eyes, clutched his fingers, and appeared to struggle violently with himself.

"I am a father," he said at last, "and wish to provide for the future of my child; but, still, I must have a day or two to consider matters, to lay my plans, to understand exactly how it is to be done. This is Tuesday—will you meet me on Thursday night?"

"Here—in this camp?"

"No!"

"Where then? There are few places so safe as this. Your people have chosen well and surely."

"Yes; but in this matter I neither wish my child nor the general body of the gypsies to interfere. If I do this matter, it is a simple speculation of my own, in which I will have no rivals. The thousand pounds must be my own, paid down."

"When?"

"Your signature will suffice if I accept; but it must be handed me on Thursday night. If I earn it, it is mine; if I do not, no harm is done."

"I am agreeable. But how came you to recognize me?" asked the baronet.

"Is there any one else who has an interest in the destruction of Lucy Mordaunt?" asked the gypsy, evasively.

"I know not."

"Not Hubert Treherne?"

"True, true; and now, where are we to meet?" asked the younger man. "It must be no out-of-the-way place—for though the county gave me birth, I know little of it."

"No; like many others, you draw your nutriment from the bosom of mother earth, suck her dry, and carry away all you can to expend upon the great city of the plain, which, ever as you bedew it with your golden sweat, cries out for more."

"London is very much obliged to you," sneered the baronet; "but you have not mentioned where we can meet."

"There is a woman who has come no one knows whence, who lives no one knows how, has a hut on the edge of Battlemore where the ruins of the old priory are. Will you be there on Thursday night at seven? Your horse can lie concealed in the ruins while we talk. There is one thing somewhat difficult to get over: who is to be the manager who bought the girl—who the witnesses can prove her purchase by the Paris speculator?"

"I should have thought that with a thousand pounds you could have bought all this evidence."

"Scoundrelism becomes dearer every day," said Balthazar, dryly. "Men have a solemn regard for their liberty. Perjury and subornation of perjury are offences punished by the utmost rigor of the law, and it is not everybody likes to undergo such risks."

"I leave everything in your hands. You know that though encumbered, my estates are worth money, and that at a pinch I can raise money on them. Do you concert together with any one that is necessary, and money shall not prevent my plans from being carried out. This girl might have saved all had she been willing; but she chose otherwise, and must pay the penalty. I will join you on Thursday night. I think I know the old hut you allude to."

And the baronet turned away, utterly reckless of the fact that this man knew him, and had guessed at his identity, so wrapped was he in the villainous schemes which, once hatched, men so fiercely urge forward to completion.

Outside the camp he found his horse, well-fed and sleek, and gladly gave half-a-crown to the strange boy who held him.

Not a sign was to be seen of either the girl or the awkward-looking lout, whose presence, had he have recognized him, might have caused more alarm than anything that had happened to him for many a long day. The man was to all appearance a mere idle gypsy; but, though not the cleverest and brightest of beings, his intellect had been awakened through his affections, his ideas illumined by the torch of love and affection.

The horse was quite as ready as his master, and to the baronet's surprise, went back at double the pace at which he had come. The gypsies had fed him well, and given him some of those spices which so singularly affect the energy of the equine race.

Indeed, had not Sir Vincent Mordaunt been a good rider, the rough laboring horse would have given him more trouble than he would have liked.

On reaching the market town, where his absence naturally had excited neither surmise nor uneasiness, he found a letter from Newcome Twist, containing a liberal remittance. It was not the game of the lawyer steward to starve his employer, and now that he knew he was what he would call employed, he was not going to stint him. Besides, he had not refused to marry his daughter.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt, under the circumstances, was not able to use much of the money, as it was his business now to keep himself as far removed from suspicion as possible; but still, he contrived to find one or two congenial companions of his own apparent rank, with whom to spend a goodly share of the cash in the only way in which minds of his calibre could find much satisfaction—drink.

Then he proposed some rude game of cards, and found a pleasure even in losing, simply because the others, who were too keen and knowing for him, grew so hotly joyful over their small winnings, and showed him another feature of the kind of life which he had led so long—the life of the lower class of spendthrift and the gambler.

It amused him.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNHOLY CONFERENCE.

Persons of shallow perceptions and ardent imaginations are fond of indulging in such quaint ideas as that a sense of coming ill will come over men, despite their better instincts, and that warnings such as second-sight and such phantasies of the brain are given to others than lunatics and tricksters.

The truth and reality is that no being of woman born could ever tell one minute before its time one tittle of any after event, and that all such warnings are afterthoughts, which certainly sometimes are believed in all good faith.

Dreams, visions, warnings, all belong to the huge scheme of imposture which, unfortunately, has so often influenced and controlled mankind, to the infinite pecuniary advantage of knaves, and the repeated discomfiture of fools.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt was anxious on that Thursday evening when he started on his way, it is true; but he knew no more whether his journey was to end in fruition, or in disgrace, misery and death, than the felon on the scaffold knows of the reprieve that is signed, and will come or not, just as the horse that bears the messenger holds out or not.

Futurity is concealed as surely from sages and heroes as from fortune-tellers and old women, hirsute and otherwise.

The baronet, still wearing his disguise, with a Devonshire smock frock thrown over it to make it more complete, mounted his shaggy cob to visit the ruins, by a long and narrow bridle-path, which conducted him through the defiles of a thick wood. His route was quite in the shade, as ere he started the sun had fallen sufficiently to have deserted its depths, while all above was still warmth and light.

The road was through what had once been an extensive forest, now reduced to copses and woods, dear, however, still to Nimrods, high and low, and above all to the midnight poacher, who in all countries, perhaps, best enjoys the sport which to him is life, existence, liberty, and too often death.

Here and there were plantations, where the trees grew all together, trimly and uprightly, but close at hand might be seen ancient oaks, with broad, gnarled limbs, gigantic beech-trees with silvery stems, sprightly sycamores, dark chestnuts, majestic elms and others festooned with ivy, and forming a perfect labyrinthine mass.

Then came a huge plantation of full-grown pines, where squirrels, rabbits, jays, were to be found in abundance.

It was nearly night at this point, and the disguised man, looking down from the brow of an eminence, gazed in the direction of the house named for the rendezvous, but vainly strove to discover any sign of the haunts of men.

At that hour even the gray, ivy-clad ruins were invisible.

"I begin almost to fancy myself mistaken," he said.

But just at that moment there ascended from the well remembered old spot a thin column of pale-blue smoke, that arose in curly wreaths from out the brake, and then disappeared in the descending gloom.

Sir Vincent grew thoughtful. The lane or bridle-path seemed suddenly peopled. He had been that way before, many years ago, on foot, on more than one occasion, on an errand which, if not so infamous as that which at present occupied him, was still one neither creditable to his honor nor his manhood.

He was ten years younger then, and perhaps not quite so hardened, though his soul was of stern stuff even then.

This memory of the past made him meditate. Who knows but the part he played in those days might now have caused him regret? He little knew its influence on his life.

He now struck spurs into his steed, and darted down a rather steep acclivity, in the direction of a little valley, clothed with timber to the very summits, except on one.

All was silent, save where a stream found its way into the valley through a chasm far to the left, and rushed thundering down the side in a roaring torrent.

Close to this was the hut of Battlemore, as it was called, a ruined fabric of considerable dimensions, from the old chimney of which rose the smoke that had guided the baronet to his destination.

An old deserted road, once used by carts and wagons, was not difficult to the cart-horse, which seemed rather to enjoy its journey, used as it was to the dull, plodding work of agricultural labor.

In a moment Sir Vincent Mordaunt pulled up on the threshold of the door, where, clothed in a long riding-coat, slouched hat, and holding in his hand a heavy whip, stood Balthazar.

"There is hay and corn in yonder shed," he remarked, pointing to one at some little distance.

And then, leaving the baronet to his own devices, he re-entered the hut.

The baronet frowned darkly. The fellow, but a gypsy, if a chief, knew him to be a baronet, a man of rank and station, and of reputed wealth, and yet he allowed him to attend to his horse with less compunction than an hotel-keeper would have felt in telling a common bagman to see to the comforts of his wearied and footsore steed.

The provender, however, was ample, and when he had secured the beast and had entered the ruined hut, he found a roaring, crackling fire on the hearth, while a half-broken wooden table supported a by no means meagre supper.

The ride had made the baronet hungry, his reception had made him savage, so that he was content at first to satisfy his appetite, which having done, he pushed away the viands, lit his pipe, filled his glass, and turning to the gypsy, assumed a hearty and jovial air.

"Your woods and hills give one a rare appetite, Master Balthazar; but now that the rage of hunger is appeased, to business. Have you made up your mind to earn the thousand pounds—yes or no?"

"Sir," said the gypsy, half sadly, "men in your station seem strangely to misjudge those in mine. Because I am rude, rough, and not averse to feeding on stray pheasants and rabbits, which appear so native to the wilds that a man may be forgiven if he treats them as nature's gift to its higher creatures, I must needs be ready for money to do even less honest deeds."

"My good fellow," interrupted Sir Vincent Mordaunt, "I am asking you to do that which is done every day. Scarcely a week passes that the law has not to decide some question of right, of heirship, or succession. What care the lawyers which is the right side, which is the wrong, so long as they get the fees. Do doctors refuse to attend a dying patient, and accept the guineas of affection, because the breath is nearly out of the body? No! I am sick—there is a reason why; I ask you to remove the cause of my sickness, and like an honest patient I pay you. Say I am mad, and will have my will. What matters it to you, so that I have my money?"

"True, but your plan is complicated. The only chance appears to be that she was brought up abroad. And yet, even if we find a man to swear to her identity, it will be difficult to persuade certain persons you know of that Lucy Merton Mordaunt is an impostor. Does she look one?"

"She does!" cried the baronet, hotly; "the girl has all the manners of an actress—she has no look of the Mordaunts about her, except in her infernal haughtiness and pride; but she is clearly a foundling, picked up by Lady Hester to defraud me of my rights, which she could not decently keep from me, were there no pretended descendant of the elder heir male, my cousin, the late Edward Mordaunt. Remember, since you know something of the family history, that this woman heartlessly spurned her own, her only son from her threshold for marrying the girl he loved, and think you she would hesitate now to defraud me?"

"Possibly not; but still, how is your scheme to be fully carried out?" mused Balthazar. "It appears to me complicated and dangerous. You must calculate step by step your progress—make sure of your witnesses—find one who knows France and French manners."

The room was solitary enough. The gypsy had hung an old blanket against the only window, and fast closed the door even to bolting it. The inner-room, once a bed-chamber, was cut off by a still stout oak panel; the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, the only sound when their voices were still, and yet the baronet sunk his voice as he replied.

They were seated one on each side of the large projecting chimney, their feet reclining on the brick hearth, but sufficiently apart to make whispering out of the question.

"Hark'ee, master gypsy," said the baronet, "I am willing to pay if you are willing to work, and my plan is easy enough to be carried out if you only once understand it. I will briefly recapitulate it."

He did so, much as he had done in the tent on the common.

"Mind you," he added, looking down at his feet, and speaking rather to himself than to the other, "I am not wedded to this plan—it appears to me an easy solution. If you think not, suggest another; but my position, my future, my existence demands that the so-called Lucy Merton Mordaunt should be removed from my path. She is as a serpent in my way, and like a serpent must be crushed."

"Why?" said a gentle voice, that sounded more like a sigh than anything else.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt bounded to his feet, and faced the young girl against whom he was plotting, while behind her stood Lady Hester Mordaunt, Hubert Treherne and Dick Dart, who, in one of his many disguises, had followed the baronet about, and who had played the gypsy boy to such perfection. Balthazar, too, was erect, with a smile of bitter sarcasm on his face.

"Now do you believe me when I say that the son of Harcourt Mordaunt is a vile and contemptible wretch?—you have heard," he said, solemnly.

"Juggling fiend," cried the infuriated baronet, putting his hand to his breast, where he carried a pistol.

But a couple of powerful arms caught him behind, and pinioned him to a chair.

It was if not a grand a highly picturesque scene.

"I came here unwillingly to-night," said the grave and solemn voice of the lady of the manor, "as did my granddaughter and nephew. I could not believe that anything so foul could enter the head of one called by courtesy a gentleman, and said to be one of the proud house of Mordaunt. I would not have believed had I not heard with mine own ears. But now we can away—the sting of the serpent is removed, and I shall know how to act. Never shall acre of mine come into your sacrilegious hands, even if by the aid of the demon himself you destroy the only daughter of my only son, which this my darling is, so help me Heaven."

And with a mien, both grand and haughty, Lady Hester Mordaunt raised her hands over her child, and blessed her with all the fervor of her long-repressed but really ardent nature.

"Come now, my children, and leave this man here, impotent and helpless, to the punishment of his own conscience," she added, turning away.

"Infernal hag," shrieked Sir Vincent, who was almost choked with fury, "will you allow me to be murdered by this fiend? My eternal curses rest upon you all."

"You are clearly mad," said Lady Hester, quietly, "and I hope that in an asylum you will recover both your serenity and your senses. Farewell! may Heaven have pity on you."

The baronet shivered in his chair. The idea was one so fearfully monstrous and horrible as to chill him to the very marrow of his bones, and to call forth from his agonized soul a cry of such mortal fear, as to make Lucy pause, turn to her grandmother pale and trembling, and ask for mercy.

"Such mercy as he would have given you, my child; no other," she said.

And aided by Hubert Treherne, who had never spoken, she drew Lucy away.

That afternoon Lady Hester had been alone in her magnificent drawing-room, when the window from the lawn opened and Balthazar entered, clutching the ponderous stick he never parted with, and stood before the mistress of the house.

His aspect was formidable in the extreme, but his mien was humble and beseeching.

"Lady," he said, "be not alarmed. I come as a friend. A great danger threatens one you love. It is not in my power to explain its nature, or whence it comes. My word, my solemn oath is given; but as you value your soul's peace, as you would save your granddaughter from a monster and a villain, be guided by me—"

"Man, I know you not."

"Lady, I am poor and a gypsy, but as Heaven is my judge and my hope, hearken to my voice. To-night, one who hates you and yours will unfold his plan. Hear him, let your granddaughter hear him, let Hubert Treherne hear him—bring with you armed men, do what you will—but do believe what I say; reject my counsel and misery will be the portion of Lucy Mordaunt."

His manner was so earnest, apparently so sincere, that at last the dame decided, and communicating her commands to Lucy and Hubert, they drove as near the ruined hut of Balthazar as the carriage would take them, and then retired to the wretched remnant of a bed-room, which, however, Balthazar had polished up as well as possible for their entertainment.

Both Lucy and Hubert blamed Lady Hester for relying on the word of a strange gypsy; but the first word from the lips of Sir Vincent Mordaunt silenced even their private convictions.

The whole scheme in its monstrosity and almost impossibility was unravelled, and all three listened with horror-stricken and yet charmed ears.

All went away with a deep and fervent feeling of gratitude to the gypsy, which was strangely remembered in after years.

Sir Vincent struggled, swore, cursed, threatened in vain, the gypsy was inexorable, while the men who had risen from behind, previously concealed by a pile of lumber and fagots, had securely fastened him in an old arm-chair.

"Scoundrel and traitor," he cried, "will you let me go? Will you let me follow my aunt?"

"Go, Dick, and you, Ambrose," said the chief, quietly; "you can keep within call. Have the spade and lantern ready; and now, Sir Vincent Mordaunt, that we are alone, prepare yourself for an announcement your blanched cheeks seem to indicate a suspicion of. Your race is run, for I am going to kill you as you sit."

"Villain!" he gasped.

"Yes, kill you as you sit, most base and hideous incubus on humanity."

"I have never injured you, man; except by making a proposition which you might have refused."

"Ha! ha! fool! idiot! I knew you in the market-place, and a sense of hideous joy came over my soul. Vincent Mordaunt, hearken to my question, and then ask yourself if you can expect mercy from me. What have you done with my sister? Ah! you rouse yourself. You have not forgotten my name, at all events, have you?"

"Who are you? What midsummer madness is this?"

"Who am I! Heaven knows. I was John Haldane once. What have you done with my sister? Tell me before you die."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

☞ THE HUMAN VOICE.—How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance; but the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in "the still small voice," and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.

☞ As female influence, though silent and unpretending, is great and decided on the interests and welfare of society, and tends more to the advancement of excellence among men than any other human incentive, the proper direction of the female mind, the disciplining of it, and the exercise of its powers, is of the utmost importance.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

LIZZIE.

BY FLORENCE PERRY.

Dear little dark-eyed namesake!
The summers are all too few
Since she brightened with graceful wearing
The name that my childhood knew—
I hoped it would crown her with sunshine
Fairer than ever smile—
I said I should bring her a blessing—
Dear little dark-eyed child!

I said it should bring her a blessing—
Was I wiser than I guessed?
Was the blessing a long, sweet childhood,
And an early and happy rest?
For the lovely circle that held her,
Is robbed of its precious pearl;
The youngest, the fairest, the darling;
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

She stood where the path of childhood—
A lane through a flowery wood—
Led out to the wide, dim distance
Of perilous womanhood;—
Woman or angel?—The future
Like a question before her lay;
What wonder she paused and faltered,
And chose the easier way?

Not for her are the crosses
And burdens of a woman's life,
Nor the burdens and costly blessings
Which cling to the name of wife;
Nor labor, nor doubt, nor anguish,
Nor the great world's dusty whirl;
Not one of them touched her garment—
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

Thriftily leaning always
On the hearts which I veil her best,
She feared from every sorrow,
She dwelt in the warm home nest;
Never a grief came near her,
Nor trial nor loss she bore—
And none in the home that holds her,
Shall find her forevermore!

Oh! fair and fatherless spirit!
The name that my childhood knew,
Though rarely I hear it spoken,
Is sweeter because of you—
What matter how little value
On earth to the name be given,
Since now it is worn by an angel,
'Tis tenderly breathed in Heaven!

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPECTRE YACHT," "THE MASKED SPY," "THE SURF ANGEL," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

With man's blood paint the ground.
—*Shakespeare's Timon.*

"Halt! who comes there?"

The challenge rang out clear and stern through the darkness, and Leon, who was at the head of the band of patriots, replied quickly:

"Friends of the Lone Star."

"Tyranny or Freedom?" asked the same voice.

"Down with Tyrants," returned Leon.

"Advance!"

A moment more and Leon Delmont stood face to face with Noel Dunbar.

"Delmont, I am glad to meet you. I just intended setting forth for your home," said Colonel Dunbar, warmly grasping the hand of his friend.

"And I to meet you, am most glad, Dunbar, for I am bound upon a mission in which you can greatly aid me;" and Noel Dunbar was soon made acquainted with the late outrage perpetrated by Felipe Moreno.

"Curses light upon him, and my curse shall. Delmont, listen; I am bound to-night on a grand raid against the lines of our friend Alvarez, whom I sincerely wish was a Cuban, for he is a noble fellow. Yonder, behind me in the road, are three hundred brave fellows, all ready for the fray, and to-night the attack must be made, and in my place you shall go, you shall take command. Hold on until you hear me through. Of late I have carefully studied every approach to the stronghold of the Don, intending to make a raid upon him, and in fact visited in disguise the outlaw encampment, so I am best able to cope with them, and, as you tell me that Moreno is there, then assuredly you will not cheat me of my revenge. Let me have your hand, and come now with me and I'll present you to my officers and men, so that you can lead them, and President Cespedes will say nothing to the exchange, I assure you. Come, we have no time to lose, and to-morrow I promise you shall see your sister and the senorita."

Leon could raise no objection to the plan of Noel Dunbar, the commands were exchanged, and while the horsemen, under the gallant Cuban, wended their way down the mountain-road, the American volunteer and his planter band continued on farther into the recesses of the hills, to seek the release of the two maidens from the power of the outlaws.

Every step of the road was well-known to Colonel Dunbar, and even in the darkness he continued his way at a swift trot, until mile after mile had been left behind them, and they came to a deep valley, branching off between the mountain range and the isolated spur wherein the robbers had their camp.

It was difficult of access, even to a footman at night, but dismounting, the horses were led over the rocky path, and the steep ascent commenced.

Half a mile of hard climbing, and they saw, but a few yards off, the form of a man relieved against the clear star-lit sky, leaning upon his gun as if indulging in a nap.

"He is evidently asleep, or else he would have heard our approach. Or perhaps—" added Noel after a pause, "he is only shamming, and we are being led into an ambush."

But still the man kept his quiet attitude, and throwing the rein of his horse to a follower, Noel drew his bright blade and crept cautiously toward the sentinel.

Watching him closely, every eye in the band saw him creep nearer and nearer to the motionless picket, and then spring forward quickly, whirl his bright blade in the air, and bring it down with terrific force upon the head of the sleeping man.

A dull thud, a smothered groan, and the outlaw sank down dead in his tracks—his being the first blood shed in the patriots' march for vengeance.

Cautiously the little band stole on up the hill, past the dead form of the sentinel, into the path leading directly to the camp of the outlaws.

"Let every man mount and be ready. No mercy is to be shown to but one man; you all know him, for he is Felipe Moreno—*he is my game.* And if any man of you kills him, him will I slay with my own hand."

Noel's orders were given in a low, stern tone; and every one of the band knew him to be a man who would stand no trifling.

"Are you ready?"

A murmur of assent ran through the crowd.

"Charge!"

Like a band of avenging furies they swept

on over the broad plaza, yelling in wildest rage, and startling the frightened outlaws from their slumbers.

The Don was the first to assume the defensive, and loudly he called for his men to rally around him; but as they obeyed, they were shot down by the infuriated Cubans, until but half-a-dozen were left.

Yet still the stern voice of their leader urged these few on, and among them was Captain Moreno.

"Dismount, and at them, men!" cried Noel, springing from his horse and advancing upon the outlaws, who having retreated against the steep hill-side were brought to bay, and showed an evident determination to fight to the bitter end, for their leader would neither seek nor allow his men to ask for quarter.

"Ha! my gallant patriot!" exclaimed the Don, appearing to recognize Noel in the light of the pistol flashes, "I have heard of you, so come on"

Noel Dunbar sprang forward, the swords of the two leaders clashed together with a force that made myriads of sparks fly, and at once the combat became most savage.

Both were superb swordsmen, and after the remaining outlaws had been mercilessly slain, excepting Captain Moreno, who stood just behind his chief, the Cuban band rallied around their American leader to gaze on the terrible struggle.

Two others were there to witness the encounter—Faustine and Elinor—for having discovered, from the cessation of firearms, that the fighting was about over, they had come from their cavern prison, where they had been confined the few hours they had been in the bandit's camp, and were most interested beholders of the wild and desperate scene around them.

Several of the Cubans having secured torches, the bright light made the whole scene as brilliant as noonday, displaying in all its ghastliness the dead and dying-strewn plaza, and giving to the combatants a fair opportunity to take every advantage known in the art of swordsmanship.

Though the Don was almost a giant in size and an expert with his weapon, he found the supple, graceful American his superior, and fearing that his life would be the forfeit, he hissed out:

"If I surrender, will my life, and that of Captain Moreno be spared?"

"Never! I show no mercy to wild beasts," returned Noel in stern tones.

Infuriated by the reply, the Don sprang forward and attempted to grapple with his antagonist, but too quick for him was Noel, who sternly ran his sword through and through his huge frame.

Ere he could extricate his weapon from the falling, dying outlaw's body, Felipe Moreno rushed upon him with the desperation of despair, determined to cut him down ere he could offer resistance.

A loud cry of warning from Faustine Delmont, first made known to Noel the immediate presence of the maidens, and placed him upon his guard to meet the cowardly Spaniard.

With a mighty effort he disengaged his sword, wheeled, and just in time was enabled to parry the blow of Captain Moreno.

"Devil in human form, now you or I must die," cried Noel, and he collected himself for the work before him.

Tired though he was by his hard fighting and late struggle with a powerful adversary, Noel was yet fully equal to the task of meeting the hated Spaniard.

Bitterly, fiercely, with desperation raged the combat, each adversary feeling assured that one of them must die; and nerved by despair Felipe Moreno fought with a skill and energy that surprised even himself.

Yet in vain were all his efforts, his destroyer was before him, and he felt that he must die.

Unnerved by the terrible doom he felt was his, he struck at random, while his eyes glared wildly upon the determined, hard face fronting him, wherein lay not a shadow of mercy, of pity; for Noel Dunbar fought to avenge a sister's fate—a sister who had died by her own hand in the streets of a foreign city; he fought to avenge the gray hairs of a loved father and mother, whom the man before him had caused to die of a broken heart; he fought to punish the cowardly assassin of poor Iterran Alveute, to destroy a traitor to his country, to strike a blow for unhappy, struggling Cuba, and visit a terrible retribution upon the coward who had dragged two unprotected maidens from their home.

All these things came before the vision of the patriot, and his eyes grew brighter, his face became harder, and pity fled from his heart.

"Oh, God! mercy! Noel, you will not kill me!" at length shrieked the terror-stricken scoundrel, as he struck recklessly before him.

"As God is my judge I will kill you, Felipe Moreno!" came through the shut teeth of Noel Dunbar; and his sword pierced the heart of the crime stained Spaniard—revenge had come at last.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAR SHADOWS.

Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air. —*Mrs. Hemans.*

After parting with Colonel Dunbar, Leon Delmont led his men swiftly on, determined now that it was in his power to strike a blow for the freedom of his

"Beautiful isle of the sea,"

that would teach its haughty and tyrannical oppressors a severe lesson, and send up a wail from the valleys of Spain, that would re-echo the miseries visited upon the inhabitants of the gem of the Antilles by its foes.

He regretted exceedingly that he was to make war against Colonel Alvarez personally, for he loved him as a friend; but then in battle no friendships were known, and he steeled his heart and rode on.

"Here Dido, return to the Rest and inform my mother of the turn that things have taken, and assure her of the promised return of Faustine and Elinor.

"Then, as I will doubtless have to retreat to the mountains after this night's work, you must gather together all of my important papers, you know well where they are kept, and then proceed to the spot where we met Colonel Dunbar to-night, and await me there."

Though disliking to leave his young master in the hour of battle, the faithful negro rode rapidly on in obedience to the command, and soon disappeared in the darkness.

Not a few moments had he been gone, when a pistol-shot was heard in that direction, then another—and after a few moments the sound of hoof-falls rapidly returning.

It was Dido; and wheeling alongside of Leon, he said—

"I met old Antonio, the planter; he told me to stop—I kept on; he fired at me, and I kill 'im."

"His fate was deserved, Dido. You have done Cuba a service, for he was a traitor to his native land," answered Leon; and as the negro once again rode away to fulfil his mission, the young Cuban's thoughts wandered to the past, to his discovery of the plot between Señor Antonio and Colonel Trafalgar, and the death of the Spanish officer at his hands.

"War is indeed a bitter thing," he murmured; and at that moment his spirited mare gave a sudden spring to one side, almost unseating him.

It was the dead body of the Cuban traitor, lying in the road, that had frightened the animal.

"Close up, by fours, forward, trot," called out the youthful officer, to his men, and away the cavalcade sped for several miles, until the camp-fires of the Spaniards came in view, and the heavy roar of the surf was heard.

"On, men! on! charge!"

Into the crowded camp the patriot band rode, dashing down all before them in their mad career, and cutting their way through ranks of Spanish troops, who vainly tried to oppose their onslaught.

At first the Cubans met with but little resistance, for the attack had been a complete surprise; but then the disciplined soldiers began to rally under the orders of their officers, and soon formed a compact line, with their gallant colonel at their head.

To distinguish friend from foe, Colonel Alvarez had, in the first moment of surprise, set fire to a frame building, which blazing up brightly cast a lurid glare on all around, and enabled him to form his men to meet the patriots, and the more readily lay his plans of battle.

"Seize those guns! follow me!" and waving his sword Leon Delmont led a charge directly into the ranks of the Spanish artillery, and was met there by the Spanish chief.

"Leon Delmont! my suspicions, then, were right," exclaimed Colonel Alvarez, in the greatest surprise, almost for the moment overwhelmed by his discovery.

But returning no verbal answer, Leon saluted with his sword, and pressed on to secure the artillery.

Then waged the battle fierce and wild; the roar of artillery, rattle of musketry, firing of revolvers, clash of swords and yell of combatants, forming a terrible uproar, and making the camp-ground, with its flaming buildings and struggling combatants, a wild scene of horror.

"Ha! Oh, God, he's fallen—too late, too late," suddenly cried Leon, as he saw Colonel Alvarez spring forward, his blood-stained sword in hand, his dark hair waving, and clear voice ringing, to endeavor to drive back a horde of desperate Cubans, who were striving to tear down the proud colors of Spain from the flag-staff in the centre of the camp; in vain were his efforts, he fell with his face to the foe, pierced with a dozen wounds and with his dying eyes turned upon his Cuban friend.

For a moment Leon Delmont was almost overcome; but then the glad cry of victory rang in his ears, the Spaniards, demoralized by the fall of their daring leader, were flying in all directions, and

"The red field was won."

Hastily collecting what trophies of the victory that could be carried with them, the Cubans retreated slowly toward the mountains, for well did Leon know that there were other Spanish troops not far away that would soon appear upon the scene, and perhaps tear from him his hard-earned laurels.

But the flying Spaniards, knowing that the planters around them were Cuban sympathizers, though no open acts of hostility had been proven against them, commenced the wildest acts of barbarity, for no longer lived their kind and humane colonel to restrain them.

Thus, as the band of patriot Cubans retreated toward the mountains, far and wide over that lovely land could be seen the revenge of the Spanish soldiery, for their path was lit up by the blaze of many a lovely villa, while the shrieks of the homeless women and children ascended heavenward for mercy and for life.

"Yes, the fell blow has fallen at last. There start the flames from my own home! my poor, poor mother, what fate has befallen thee!" and Leon Delmont turned in his saddle as the cavalcade reached a lofty plateau of the mountain, and bent his fierce eyes back on the scene of destruction.

"Dear, dear old Seaside Rest, thy happiness, thy glory has flown. And mother, my poor unhappy mother, thou art homeless. But retribution will come, and the accursed power of Spain will yet have its proud head bowed low in the dust."

A ride of a mile more, and the rendezvous was reached, and there were gathered the little planter band, under Noel Dunbar, gazing sadly upon the wide-spread ruin going on before their eyes.

There the brother and sister, and Elinor met, and, with Noel Dunbar, stood in silence gazing with longing eyes toward Seaside Rest, now one mass of smouldering ruins.

As they stood in painful revery, with the sad picture of ruin and bloodshed before their eyes, there came the quick sound of hoofs, and, covered with foam and dust, a horseman dashed into the midst of the little group.

It was Dido, and with a low moan he slid to the ground in an agony of grief and pain.

"Speak—my mother! what of her?" cried Leon, seizing the negro's arm with a grasp of iron.

"She is dead! the devils slew her upon her own doorstep," gasped Dido; and covered with wounds received in running the gauntlet of Spanish fire, to bear the news to his dearly-loved master, the faithful man, true unto death, sunk to the earth to rise no more in life.

CONCLUSION.

Reader, my story is ended; and yet there are those of my heroes and heroines who yet live; but not in that happiness that should come to the characters in the *finale* of a romantic tale of now-a-days, for in that

"Beautiful isle of the sea,"

the scene of my story, is yet waged a bitter cruel war; and, as leaders in the patriot ranks, yet are fighting manfully Leon Delmont, "The Pilot and the Spy" of this story of romantic realities, and Colonel Noel Dunbar, the brave American volunteer who risks his life in the struggle for the freedom of the gem of the Antilles, from the iron grasp that Spain still keeps upon her prey.

True, in the hardships and dangers of the patriot soldier's life, Leon and Noel are cheered by the presence of man's guardian angel, woman; for in a secluded valley retreat, in the very heart of the mountains, is an humble but comfortable cabin, only a few miles from the head-quarters of President Cespedes and his army—which in spite of all Spanish reports to the contrary *does exist*, as an *army of heroes*.

In that little cabin, nestled away in the mountain fastnesses, are Faustine Dunbar and Elinor Delmont, for no longer do my heroines retain the names of their maidenhood, as a most worthy priest, who has followed the wavering fortunes of the patriot army of Cuba, has joined those loving hearts together in the holy bands of matrimony.

THE END.

TWO GIRLS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Miss Adams reclined on the chintz-covered lounge, her white hand under her cheek, and looked thoughtfully at Madge Norris. Madge was the daughter of Captain Norris, of the schooner "Rosaline;" and Miss Adams was an invalid, who had come down to the sea-shore to find health and strength.

Madge sat by the open window, her amber-brown eyes fixed on the fleecy clouds, her hands lightly clasping an open book. The wind blew her long bronze hair about, and drifted it in masses over shoulders and breast. Her lips were scarlet, her full cheeks glowed with a vivid color. Her beautiful rounded bosom rose and fell beneath the plain print bodice. She was a splendid picture of youth, beauty and health, as she sat there.

"Madge," said Miss Adams, suddenly, "why don't you marry Luke Stephens? He fairly adores the ground you walk on."

"Very well then; let the ground marry him. I never shall." Madge answered without moving.

"But why not?" persisted Miss Adams, "he is a well-to-do young fisherman; could give you a snug little home, and would be a devoted husband. You cannot do better."

Madge turned her splendid face full on Miss Adams.

"But I do not love him," she said quietly: "I could never be happy with a man like him."

Miss Adams smiled.

"Oh, child!" she said, "I see how it is! You have pored over books so long—books that your foolish father has supplied you with—that your silly young head is full of impossible romances. You are waiting for a grand duke, or a lord of some description, to pass this way, when you intend to fall violently in love and marry him, and go with him to a castle over the sea. Such things, however, do not happen to girls in your station, out of books. You had better marry Luke, my dear, and settle down into a happy wife and mother, and let your wild dreams go."

"But I am not so foolish as you seem to think," Madge answered quietly. "I do not dream of a duke or a prince: only of a man I could love—and such an one I have not yet seen. Beside, why need I make haste to marry. I am only eighteen—two years younger than you are. Why need I make haste, more than you?"

Miss Adams laughed.

"It is so different," she said, twirling her rings upon her slender white fingers. "I have always been in society; have had the delights of travel, and winters in the city, and summers at the fashionable watering-places. My years have been crowded full of enjoyment. Indeed I have dissipated so much, that my physicians declared I must seek the quiet nook to be found on the sea-shore, and spend this summer there, or I could not regain my health. My life has been one repetition of exciting scenes and changes; and I have had no time to think seriously of marriage. Besides, I have never found the man who could give me the position in life that I deserve. I have had a fashionable education. I have travelled, and read, and I have had every wish gratified. I must marry a man who can keep me, at least, in my present position, if he does not give me a better one. I have had proposals in plenty, but never one that would benefit me socially, to accept. I am waiting till it comes—as it undoubtedly will, by-and-by. But it is different with you. The years go by, marked by few changes, but each one leaving you older. You have little to fill up your mind or life, and I should think you would be glad of an opportunity to marry so likely a fellow as Luke Stephens. He is a big, noble-hearted youth—and you are not likely to do better."

Madge had never taken her fathomless amber-colored eyes from Miss Adams's face while she was speaking. A deeper tinge of color shot into her cheeks, as she answered her.

"I see!" she said. "You think I am so ignorant of the world, so uncultivated, that no man superior to Luke Stephens would want me for a wife. Quite likely you are right. I may not be fitted to fill a high station in life, yet I shall never marry a man I know to be my inferior, as I know Luke Stephens to be. I have the heart of a woman, Miss Adams, and it is hungry, sometimes, for a love that it has never known. I dream of the man who could waken that love within me—and I am waiting for him. He will come some time, I am sure. When he comes, I shall know him; I shall love him, and if it be, as it may be, hopelessly, I shall be better satisfied in loving him so, than in being worshipped by a man like Luke Stephens. I would rather live a lonely single life, for such a man as I dream of, than be the beloved wife of Luke, and the mother of his children."

Miss Adams opened her mild blue eyes in astonishment.

"Why, my dear," she said, "you talk like a book! Really you grow quite eloquent on this subject—yet, nevertheless, I think you will marry Luke Stephens yet. Now come with me down to the shore, for an airing, won't you?"

Miss Adams threw an elegant wrap over her fashionable costume (for even in this benighted region Miss Adams followed fashion to the letter), and Madge twisted a crimson scarf about her head and shoulders, and arm-in-arm they sauntered down the sea shore. They made a striking picture as they walked up and down. Miss Adams a trifle above medium height, her rather frail figure padded into fashionable proportions, her white hands jewelled, her yellow hair arranged in stylish coils, her pale, pretty face showing high breeding and culture, and her soft blue eyes beaming with a languid light. Madge, nearly the same height, but with an erect figure, rounded into the perfect curves of health and symmetry, unassisted by art and unadorned by fashion, her superb amber eyes glowing, her bronze hair blowing free, her glorious face one blaze of health, beauty and innocence.

Miss Adams drew a deep breath as she looked at her. "Heavens!" she thought, "what fathomless depths of passion lie in those eyes! How she could love, and how she *would* love, if she should see one elegant man of the world! May a kind Providence keep such a man out of her path, for it would only be a hopeless love. Such men love and marry in their own station, save in books."

A high wind rose suddenly, driving the clouds northward in great masses. The sun hid beneath the scowling drifts. The sea roared sullenly. "A storm is brewing," Madge said, drawing her scarf closer about her form. "I am glad father came home yesterday. I think it will be a wild night."

A wild night it was. The storm broke just after night came on. Great torrents of rain poured out of the inky black clouds. Blinding sheets of vivid lightning shot across the heavens and glared in at the windows of Captain Norris's house, and tremendous peals of thunder shook the very earth. In all the terrible fury of this storm a ship labored through the angry waters. In vain her minute guns sent out to the winds the voice of distress. She was too far from shore for help to reach her. In vain her well-trained officers sought to steer her aright. She was driven against the rocks, sprang aleak and sank in the furious waters. In the early morning light Captain Norris and Madge went down upon the beach. Word had come that a ship had foundered upon the rocks and some of the dead had been washed ashore. Captain Norris and his daughter went down to see what could be done; if among those washed ashore were any within whom life was not yet extinct.

At the very foot of the path that led to the beach lay a man's figure. Madge stooped down and looked at the dead white face; in all her life she had never seen anything so faultlessly beautiful. She took up the limp white hand. It was a shapely, handsome hand—a hand that had never toiled in the stony ways of life.

"Father," she cried, "come here quickly! There is a faint pulse in this man's wrist. He is not dead."

Captain Norris came, and with the assistance of a fisherman's lad the man was carried to Captain Norris's house and laid on the chintz-covered lounge. "I will leave you to doctor him up, women," the captain said, turning to his wife and daughter. "I must go back."

Miss Adams, wakened out of her morning nap by the unusual bustle, made her toilet an hour or two earlier than usual, and came out of her room to find Mrs. Norris and Madge bending over a wet, limp figure, chafing the white hands and massive brow. Miss Adams shrank away with a shiver.

"Ugh!" she cried, "what corpse have you there? I am afraid of dead people. How can you bear to touch that cold, clammy face, Madge? If this is a part of the duties of captains' wives and daughters, I am thankful I'm neither. Why, you cannot bring life to that dead body, Madge?"

But life was already returning. A glow came into the face, the long-lashed eyelids fluttered, a sigh heaved the breast, and the dead was alive. An hour later the stranger sat in a suit of Captain Norris's clothes, propped up by pillows before the fire, his feet upon the fender, his eyes closed languidly. Miss Adams gave him a quiet scrutiny from her corner as she sat there, and discovered that he was an exceedingly handsome and refined-looking man, and wondered idly who and what he was.

The next day he was stronger, and able to talk, and he told them who he was. His name was Reece Evans. He was returning from a European tour to his home in Boston. Miss Adams opened her eyes when she heard his name. Reece Evans! why she had heard Helen Winters, her bosom friend, talk of him, his handsome figure and face, his haughty manner, his wealth and position. Half the girls had raved over him, but he never unbent to any of them enough to give any one hope. Reece Evans, the invincible, here beneath the same roof with her! what a splendid opportunity to display her charms, here in this desert place. What a surprise it would be to Helen Winters if she should carry off the prize after all!

Miss Adams made no mention of the fact to any one that she knew aught of this man. It was better for her purpose to feign utter ignorance of his wealth and position.

Miss Adams explained her situation to Mr. Evans, however, as soon as she could bring it about nicely, and was delightfully surprised when he said he had heard of her father. He spoke of places he had been, and of what he had seen, but carefully avoided anything which would lead one to suspect his wealth or station, and Miss Adams did not try to draw him out.

Reece Evans fell ill of a low fever the next day; not dangerously ill, but sufficiently so to keep him in his bed several days, and in the convalescent's chair a week or ten days longer. All that time Madge nursed him and ministered unto his wants, and Miss Adams read to him, fanned him, if the day was sultry, and when he was able to talk, conversed with him in her light, easy way. He thought he had fallen among the good Samaritans, surely. He had no lack of care.

It was one warm August night he sat by the open window, looking out listlessly. At the gate stood Madge, her beautiful face outlined against the clear sky. She made a striking picture, her bronze hair blowing about in the light wind.

Some one came sauntering along the road and paused at the gate, and passed a few words with her. It was Luke Stephens. Miss Adams, standing in the open door, smiled.

"There is a scene as old as the hills," she said, speaking to Mr. Evans. "Two lovers at the gate, ever new, yet centuries old."

Reece Evans glanced up quickly. "Impossible," he said. "It cannot be that beautiful creature loves that boor. It would be sacrilege for him to think of making her his wife."

Miss Adams laughed. "She is beautiful I own," she said, "but her station in life is not exalted, and she will undoubtedly wed in her own degree, as people should, to be happy, and this young man will make her an excellent husband. He is a very likely youth."

Madge came up the path with a little bouquet of sweet wild flowers in her small, shapely hand. She paused, shyly, at the window, and laid them on the sill.

"For you," she said with a soft color creeping over her face. "I knew you could not go out, and I thought you might like them."

Reece Evans thanked her with eyes and lips, and held the flowers to his face tenderly. Miss Adams who had been an observer, sighed.

"Poor Madge!" she thought. "I am afraid the shipwreck has brought her a great heartache. How can she help loving such a man as Reece Evans; wiser women than she have done so, and as hopelessly."

Had she seen Reece Evans kiss the little bouquet, and lay it under his pillow that night, Miss Adams might have spared her pity, or bestowed it otherwise.

Miss Adams wrote to Helen Winters one night. "That splendid Reece Evans was cast ashore at our very steps almost, and is here under this roof quite ill. I intend to improve this opportunity, *ma chere!*" Again she wrote. "Reece Evans is convalescing, and I am his constant companion. We are progressing finely. I never saw eyes that could light up as his do sometimes."

Later she wrote "Reece Evans is quite well again, yet he does not speak of leaving. He and I walk, read and converse together a great deal. I wonder what he lingers for, though, when he is quite able to leave us."

Miss Adams was raising the anticipations of her friend and her own hopes with every letter. Well, it was a little odd, that that this elegant man of society should linger in a lonely house on the sea-shore, after he was quite restored to health.

But one afternoon sitting by the open window where the cool sea breeze came in and fanned his white brow, Reece Evans told Miss Adams that he must go away before another week came. And looking up he was startled to see the expression upon Miss Adams's face. It was pained, anxious look, mingled with suspense, and when she met his gaze she rose hastily and went up to her room. Reece Evans sat buried in deep thought. What did this mean? had this girl, this daughter of fashion and luxury, this woman of society learned to love a man she knew nothing about, save that he was gentlemanly in appearance, and could talk of books? Reece Evans had a keen scorn for society women. He believed them vain, worldly, mercenary. He had seen so many marriages where the bride's only object was position or wealth, with no thought of love, that he grew cynical upon that subject. He knew Miss Adams was the daughter of a wealthy aristocrat; had been reared in a worldly school. Could it be possible that she cared, then, for an unknown stranger? If so, she was the pearl among women, for which he had been searching years and years.

"How surprised she would be," he thought, "if she gave herself to a poor waif, cast ashore, all for love, and found him to be a man of wealth and position. It would be quite a little romance." He sat and thought about it idly. He did not love Miss Adams. The sound of Luke Stephens's voice, as he talked with Madge at the gate, floated in his ear, and aroused an odd feeling at his heart. "But it is only my insane love of the beautiful," he said. "She is of coarse, common clay, or she could never love that awkward lout. What a waste of beauty to give such a face to such a woman." Then he thought of Miss Adams, and a great respect for her, such as he had never felt for any society woman before, filled his heart. "She is refined, cultured, and accomplished," he thought. "And if with her education she has heart enough left to love a man whose position and condition she is totally ignorant of, she is the one woman I have looked vainly for. I will find out if she loves me."

Just then Miss Adams passed through the room.

"I want to speak to you when you are at liberty," he said.

She flushed and bowed. "I shall be soon," she answered. "I have a letter to write, and then I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say."

She went on up to her room again, and Reece took up a book and began to read. He had been reading half an hour perhaps, when something fluttered in at the open window and fell upon his hand. He took it up idly without the remotest idea where it came from, and glancing down saw his *own name* upon the first line of the half page. Then he read; and would not you?

"Reece Evans has just asked for an interview! What do you think of that *ma chere* Helen? I little thought when I used to hear you raving about Reece Evans, the rich, gifted, handsome, unattainable, that he was to fall into my hands. He has no idea that I ever heard of him before. I do not think it necessary to inform him."

Reece Evans read no farther. He laid the page down upon the window-sill, and went on with his book. A moment later he heard quick steps on the stairs, and Miss Adams ran out under the window, searching upon the ground for something.

"What have you lost?" he asked.

"A sheet of paper upon which I was writing," she answered, a trifle nervously. "The breeze took it out through the window."

"This must be it, then," he said, pointing to the sheet lying on the sill. "It blew down upon my book a moment since." He handed it to her with a bow, and went on with his book.

An hour later a great cry came up from the shore, a fisher lad brought the tidings that Luke Stephens had fallen from his boat while fishing, and was drowned.

"I saw him go down," he said, "but knew he could swim, and thought he were in no great danger. But he must 'a' bin sick, or been took wi' a cramp, for he went down the third time wi' a kind of scream, and did not rise again."

It was indeed true. Poor Luke had been taken with the cramps and had fallen from his boat, and was then lying under the waters, dead. There was a great crowd of fishermen and women gathered upon the shore, when Reece Evans went down. Luke was a favorite, and they sincerely mourned his death. It was not far from shore that he was drowned, and some of the fishermen were dragging the waters for his body. At some distance from the others, in a nook quite by herself, sat Madge Norris, watching them, with a pale, anxious face, and eyes filled with tears. Reece saw her, and going forward, took her hand.

"Miss Norris," he said pityingly, "I am very sorry for you; and I want you to believe me, when I say I sympathize deeply with you in this great sorrow."

She looked up quickly, a puzzled expression upon her face. Then rising suddenly, to her full height, she looked him proudly in the eyes, and answered haughtily—

"Sir, I am in no need of sympathy. I am sorry to lose a friend—my eyes grow dim with tears, when I think of a strong young life going out so suddenly. But if you have any sympathy to bestow, give it to the sorrowing mother, not to me, his friend, and only his friend."

Reece Evans's face flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly. "I understood this young man was your betrothed husband."

She flashed her wonderful amber-hued eyes up in his face, with a look that sent the hot blood leaping through his veins.

"You were misinformed," she said "I could never love such a man as he was, and I could not marry where I did not love."

She turned to go, but he put out his hand and detained her.

"If you could not love him, could you love me?" he asked. "I have loved you for many days, but dared not confess it even to my own heart, thinking you bound to another. Now, I dare tell myself and you so! Little Madge, is there any hope?"

Her face blanched to a deathly whiteness.

"Hush!" she said. "You must not talk to me like that. I have loved you, no, worshipped you, as the fire-worshippers do the sun, from the first moment I looked on your face. But I am not your equal—and you must not speak of love to me. Go to Miss Adams. She is of your own station, and I think she loves you. She says men never love women below them in social standing with a love that can render both happy. People must wed in their own degree, Mr. Evans, or wed not at all. You choose the former, and I will the latter."

"Not if you love me," he answered, taking both her hands in his, and looking down into her great eyes. "Madge Norris, with all my heart I love you; and here, under God's skies, I pledge myself body and soul to you, forever and ever till death shall part us. And I will devote my life to rendering you a happy, cherished wife, with Heaven's help—Miss Adams's convictions to the contrary notwithstanding." He stooped down, and right there, in sight of a score of people, he kissed her. "Now you are mine," he said, and drawing her arm in his, they walked back to the house. By the window sat Miss Adams. She had heard of the sad accident, but was feeling too listless to go down to the shore; besides, she had made an exquisite toilet, in expectation of Reece Evans's proposal, and did not care to have it disarranged. But Reece Evans did not propose. He led Madge up before the open window, and holding her hand, said quietly,

"Miss Adams, I no longer desire the interview I requested a few hours since. I have discovered what I was anxious to find without it—that there is such a thing as a true-hearted, loving woman in this world. I had thought to ask your assistance in finding me one to be my wife; but the Fates have rendered your assistance unnecessary. Let me present to you my promised wife, Miss Madge Norris."

Miss Adams added a P. S. to her letter that night.

"It will no doubt astound you, Helen, dear," she wrote, "when I tell you that at the last moment I decided *not* to accept Reece Evans. I think he has learned a lesson. He fancied he had only to ask, and receive. He is so chagrined at my refusal, that he has actually engaged himself to a common, coarse girl, the daughter of a schooner captain. Of course, the engagement will be broken off after he gets back to the world."

But Helen Winters, and her set, pronounced Mrs. Reece Evans anything but a "coarse, common" woman when, two years later, she came among them. She had been in a fashionable academy those two years, and in the new atmosphere of culture and refinement, surrounded by books, music, and everything which her nature craved, she bloomed and expanded into a marvellously beautiful and brilliant woman. Such a woman as Reece Evans was proud to call his wife.

Helen Winters smiled when she saw her. "I am inclined to think my friend, Miss Adams, drew somewhat upon her imagination when she wrote me those letters from the sea-shore," she said to herself. "I would give a good deal to know just how it happened that she lost him, though."

But Miss Adams never gave her the desired information, and unless she chances to read this story, I am afraid she will never know.

Speaking English.

How is it that every foreigner receives our mistakes, which are, many of them, doubtless, most ludicrous, with inflexible gravity, while *we* can never resist receiving theirs with most ill-bred and indelicate laughter? Both of the following anecdotes were, we are sorry to say, so treated. In the first, a lady was complimenting a Frenchman on his manner of speaking English, which she justly said was an accomplishment extremely rare among his compatriots. "Ah, madam," said he, "you do not ought to say zat. I know well zat I speak it but *indecently* as yet." In the second case, a German made the following observation to a friend of his, an Englishman: "I lofe de horse, I lofe de dog, I lofe de cat, I lofe de cow—in truth, I lofe every ting dat is *beastly*."

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

OUR OWN F. F'S.

A young man wrote a list of American great men of the present day. His list of American great men was a list of American rich men. That was his truly American idea of greatness. There wasn't in the list the name of a single American illustrious for his intellect or his goodness. Come to think, what distinguished American is illustrious for goodness? I don't believe I know of any. It's curious, but I can't recall a single name at present.

But what a queer idea of greatness that young American had! It is the American idea. Any other country on earth would be ashamed of it. What son of England, France or Germany, being asked to write the names of his country's great men, would make such a vulgar mistake, and write down a list of his country's gigantic grocers and sharpers? And yet it is the American idea, through and through, from big down to little. America over, the men most looked up to are the men with the deepest pockets. Likewise the families who call themselves the "aristocracy," the First Families, as it were, of this country, are the families only of our gigantic grocers and sharpers.

There are several different sorts of "aristocracy" in this world. The law does not allow an aristocracy of birth in our country—more's the pity for divers romantic young ladies—America hasn't brains enough for an aristocracy of intellect; human nature would die if it didn't worship an aristocracy of some sort, therefore we poor Americans fall back upon the grocers and sharpers, and build up an aristocracy of money. And from this aristocracy of money, we get our own F. F's.

The funniest people in Christendom are our own F. F's. Their husbands or fathers have heaped up money—for our American aristocrats are all women—and they set themselves up to be a superior article of human being. It's an incontestible proof to my view that women's minds are weaker and shallower than men's—the fact that it is the women who are the aristocrats. And the American aristocracy, built up and maintained by these women, is the weakest, shallowest on earth. What creatures they are, to be sure! If they even knew good grammar, their pretensions wouldn't be so quackish. But they don't know good grammar, or good manners, and yet call themselves first society. The aristocratic idea in a republic is bad enough of itself, Heaven knows; but *such* aristocracy as ours! It's simply adding insult to injury, that's all. American aristocracy is just American snobbery.

It runs especially to vulgar outside decorations without any soul decorations to correspond. It fills its grand mansions with thousands and thousands of dollars worth of grand furniture, when it has scarcely a book to its name, and not culture enough to read it if it had. Particular instances always set me to generalizing—it's the nature of the animal—and what set me to prosing about American "aristocracy" was a certain grand mansion whereof I know. How a plain body does stare about her in that mansion, to be sure! In one room the furniture is all rosewood, every article to match, the bed with a great, lumbering cover to it of rosewood and crimson silk; and bedstead, chairs, chests of drawers and all completely covered with the most tiresomely elaborate carving. Phew! how I'd hate to dust 'em all! Between ourselves, and I hope you won't mention it, how I'd hate to take the contract of doctoring 'em all for insects and things! Another room is furnished in like manner with mahogany, all mahogany and satin and velvet, also covered with tiresome, contorted gimcracks from top to bottom. Just so that whole house is covered with tiresome, contorted, costly gimcracks of furniture. If they were in my house, I vow I'd pitch 'em out the window. No I wouldn't either, I'd sell 'em and give the money to the good home missionaries, to educate, civilize and Christianize our American aristocracy. The glory of Absalom was his hair, the glory of a certain ragamuffin boy whom I know is his crooked leg; but the glory of the mistress of this grand mansion is her furniture. She regards her furniture as a proof of her refinement.

I despise furniture.

Don't I sleep as soundly on my plain, cheap walnut bedstead, without any smotherous, great, dust-catching contraption over my head, as the mistress of that grand mansion does? Yes, I do, and when I sit down for a quiet hour with my blessed books, I don't envy that lady-snob a single article of all her grand possessions. Because, so far as I know, she has but two books in her house. One is the Bible, bound to match the furniture: the other is a stray copy of a history of somebody's Indiana, scarcely more barbarous than herself, in some ways, particularly in respect to the use of a written and spoken language. It is absolutely horrible, the way this American aristocrat applies the tomahawk and scalping knife to the English language. I shudder to recall it. I shudder to think of the terms in which she would couch her first class indignation, should she discover I was scratching my daring pen across the surface of her aristocracy, lest, in short, she should say to me, as she said to a cook with whom she had quarrelled—

"How dare you say that to my face? How dare you even cater my house with impurity?"

She meant impunity.

I wonder how she dares treat the English language in that manner "with impurity?" And yet she has ten grand silk dresses and no end of diamonds. These poor, pitiable things pass with her in place of all the rare, lofty graces of heart and intellect. She doesn't know what a grace of heart or intellect means. She has a grand piano, exquisitely inlaid with pearl, and with shining pearl keys and magnificent carving. She cannot play a note on it. Actually, her intellect has not been disciplined to the point where she can learn to play the piano. And so the magnificent piano stands there year after year, with no soul to sweep its tuneful waiting cords, and waken grand music on the pearl keys.

The lady who is the proprietor of the grand furniture says, "tomattuses" and "them chairs," and yet calls herself aristocracy, and sighs eternally for a state of society like that of dear Europe where the lower classes can't obtrude their vulgarity on their betters. Poor fool! When, for all her gold and silk dresses, there is not in all America a more ignorant, coarse, and vulgar dunce than herself. She has a neighbor whom she wouldn't associate with under any consideration. The neighbor is thoroughly intelligent, sensible and ladylike. People are disposed to like her, but the rich American "aristocrat" puts on her haughtiest air, and tells them with a sneer that the neighbor lady was somebody's kitchen girl twenty years ago. Poor, miserable, vulgar fool! Judging from her manners, she must have been a rag-picker twenty years ago.

How I do detest that word "aristocracy!" Out upon this vile, vulgar American snobbery! I'll fight it till I die, this insolent, brutal, intolerable spirit which says "I am better than thou because I have more money." It has a fearfully hide-and-tallowy smell about it—a smell of tobacco and whisky and petroleum, and those things by which men pile up money. And it does not smell good. And for myself, I'd sooner fall down and worship Satan himself, and be done with it, than bow the knee to this monstrous spirit of snobbery.

It is coming to be the ruination of American girls. Girls' heads do appear to me to be the softest, emptiest things, anyhow, ready to soak in all the nonsense at large in the universe. I'm discouraged, or I wouldn't say that. There is nothing in this world so charming as a bright, pretty young lady; I acknowledge that, but it does seem to me that a young lady ought to be thoroughly pretty, graceful and well-dressed, without being a monstrous, silly fool. I can't tell you what a relief to me just now would be the acquaintance of a pretty, intelligent, independent, staunch-republican young lady. I can't tell you what a joy to me would be the knowledge of an American girl, rich or poor, who respected people for something more than their clothes. It appears to me that life would be something worth living, if we could find an American girl, the daughter of a millionaire, who didn't turn up her silly little nose at schoolmistresses, shop-girls and kitchen-girls. If I knew a single wealthy American girl who sought her associates for their intelligence and their refinement, rather than their good clothes, then I should say there was at least one real F. F. in America. But, alas! I don't know of any.

We have an aristocracy built wholly upon dirty greenbacks. I don't wonder they laugh at us over there across the water.

ZIG.

FIRST LOVE.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Folks go on so about young love, first love, being so strong, &c. Just as if there is any difference between first and last love. It is my opinion last love is just as sweet and strong as first love. Love will be love, and you can't make anything else of it. A man of thirty or even forty loves just as much as one of twenty; more, for his feelings are stronger, and he would place his love on a firmer basis. The heart has its changes and seasons as everything else has; "none," however, says a certain writer, "which resembles its first freshness and purity." Perhaps that is so, but where the freshness is lost in a second love there are strength and truth gained. Less romance, but a more solid ground-work for a life's happiness.

There is more of the ideal about first love no doubt, but by the time you experience a second love you become more rational. Every year we live, more wisdom will have mingled in our dream of love until it becomes less unselfish and more reasonable. First love is two-thirds imagination any way. I know a dark-eyed girl who thinks she is passing through the ordeal of first love now, but in a few years she will look back at this love and laugh. Only a short time ago I heard her say *he* was so sweet. (That's something I have never seen yet—a sweet man.) I don't suppose if this young lady had seen him when I did she would have thought him so sweet, but then he had the epizooty, poor fellow.

I often hear girls express great horror at the idea of being a second wife, for fear they would not be loved so well as the first. That is wrong; second love is often stronger, if anything, in its newly-awakened bliss, than the first. The birds always sing sweeter, the trees wave a richer foliage, roses are more beautiful, the air is fresher, when we are in love, no matter if it is a first, second—or *third* experience.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—I am informed that the present rage for belt ornaments is an idea growing out of the Modoc excitement. Before hearing this, I had remarked that it was a fashion possibly combining both taste and elegance, but to my thinking the style seemed more appropriate for the wife of "Scar-faced Charley" or "Hooker Jim" than for lovely metropolitans.

You know what I mean—those little sets comprising smelling-bottle and a kit of working implements in cases of oxydized silver, that are suspended by a hook and numberless chains from the larboard side of every lady you meet.

Well, after ventilating my opinion to two or three intimate acquaintances whom I knew had not invested in that direction, I took a promenade down Broadway, and dropping into one of the fashionable shops, was shown one of these self-same sets in a new pattern which the obliging salesman informed me was the newest style out, and was called "The Pride of the Lava Beds."

I did not purchase.

I don't think I admire them. A hook and a chain may be a good and convenient style for carrying a parasol when it isn't needed for use, or a fan in a ball-room when both hands are required for waltzing, and even then it seems to me something more graceful might be invented.

But the present rage for pendant attachments among fashionables, is really barbarous, and ought to be abated. They even carry their watches and pocket-books suspended from the belt; and one of these days when some pretty promenader returns home and finds herself minus those little appendages, she will probably begin to realize that it is a careless way to wear such articles, and inwardly accuse herself of being an inspired idiot for not knowing better in the first place.

But I suppose I might write and talk against the thing for a month, and nobody living would be influenced in the least. Fashions are a good deal like the mumps, they have to run their course, and you can't do much for them, or with them, only to let them alone.

Hosiery is getting to be an important item in a lady's outfit. Not that it wasn't always advisable to have an extra pair of stockings, but I mean that feminine fancy is just now exercising in a very large field. An ordinary unbleached stocking, no matter if it is fine and soft, isn't worth looking at; while if you want to throw a lady into spasms, show her a stocking bleached to snowy whiteness. She can't stand it, and it's no use for her to try. But you won't make any mistake, if you are a gentleman, and of course you are, if you send home a dozen packages of fine silk, or Balbriggan hose, and you can exercise your taste if you like in their selection; but be sure you get pale pink and white stripes, blue and white stripes, and also a few dozen in self-colors, scarlet, violet and green. Do this, and if you are not treated to smiles, for the next three weeks, by the pretty partner of your miseries, then I'm no judge of female character. Little attentions of that sort are appreciated. Wives like thoughtful husbands, and are generally thoughtful in return, but you can't blame them if they *don't* dance their hair out of curl for a man who never thinks of them from the time he slams the front door behind him in the morning, until he opens it with his latch-key at midnight.

And now that I think of it, half-hose for gentlemen's wear are decidedly fancy also. I was shown some a day or two ago, retailing at two dollars a pair; unbleached silk, with an embroidered vine in scarlet satin-stitch; others there were in quieter shades, and some with satin-stitch of white, looking not unlike the better qualities of Balbriggan. I said something under my breath about the extravagance of people in general, and male creatures particularly, but was silenced when I learned that the style of hosiery I had been examining was only purchased for wedding occasions.

And they tell me that imaginative young gentlemen, with a due regard for the "eternal fitness of things" upon such occasions, manage to exhibit a good deal of taste in the selection of these articles. A case in point is that of an exquisite who, when shown pale buff embroidered with blue, stammeringly informed the attendant that he "didn't want 'em with bwue embwoidewy, but with dwab embwoidewy, as he was going to wed a quakeress."

Touching, wasn't it?

As a general thing, it wouldn't pay for gentlemen to wear these fanciful, expensive hose; they are too fine to be durable, and shut up in a boot or a Congress gaiter the effect is all lost.

Now with ladies it is different. In some cases a low shoe, known as the Newporttie, is worn, which is just the thing for showing off elegant stockings. In the house, slippers are always used, and even if long, trailing dresses accompany them, if there is a stocking embroidered in satin-stitch, you can bet your last dollar that every now and then you will see

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, steal in and out."

Of course, it is involuntary. She don't know anything about it.

Another expedient to exhibit the embroidered hose, is slashing the high-buttoned boot from top to toe. But as this style does not improve the shape of the foot, but instead, gives it a broad, ungainly appearance, it is not in high favor.

In handkerchiefs, the gentlemen are leaving the ladies quite in the background. It is correct taste now for a gentleman to wipe the perspiration from his noble brow with a linen handkerchief rejoicing in a three inch border of gay colors. They call them "Dolly Vardens" I'm sorry to say, and the name, aside from their appearance, is sufficient to condemn them. As a general thing I like men, and am glad to see them around, but one that would carry a Dolly Varden handkerchief couldn't step foot in my shanty; not even if he were a minister of the gospel. There are some things I can't get along with, and that is one of them. They may have their monogram in the corner in all the colors of the rainbow, with half a dozen new shades that have been invented since, added, if they want it, but I'm opposed to borders. A "border war" is bad enough, but a handkerchief with a border is infinitely worse. Though perhaps after all I had better not say too much. I may drive them to revive those gayly-tinted, horrible red and yellow figured silk ones, such as our grandfathers carried when they went on their regular Sunday night courting expedition, each and every one desirous of getting the girl who had achieved the greatest reputation in carding and spinning, and making rye bread. There wasn't much sentiment in those days, I'm afraid. Men and women didn't indulge in heartaches, and muse and dream at twilight. No; they milked the cows and fed the calves, and drove the pigs out of the corn, and baked and brewed; and when Elijah asked Susan to take him for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, Susan did not tell him that much as it pained her to speak the words, she could never be his wife, that she loved, hopelessly perhaps, another. Susan wasn't educated that way. Susan simply recollected that her mother had said Elijah was a likely lad, honest, and good to work. It was her first offer and it might be her last, and it was not good policy to let a chance of that kind slip.

It was just as well, perhaps better than the poetry and protestation, and the sighing, and dying, and lying that we of later generations think we can't get along without. Anyhow the marriages were better. As a general thing there was no trouble, everything passed along peacefully—and if Susan did happen to discover that she had made a frantic flop out of the frying-pan into the fire, she didn't rush off direct to a lawyer's office, up seventeen flights of stairs, to have the difficulty remedied.

But, really, I can't quite see what all that has got to do with handkerchiefs.

The most fashionable bows now are known as "Frou-Frou" bows. That is almost as bad as the "Dolly Varden" business of last year—but the bows are pretty. I was prejudiced against them before I saw them, just because they had christened them "Frou-Frou," but I suppose they had to call them something.

These are for the hair and the throat. The colors used are generally pale-blue and salmon, neatly combined, while the bow for the hair has in addition an aigrette feather. This bow can be worn immediately over the forehead, or at one side, or not at all, just as you please, the legislature having adjourned without passing any law regulating the matter.

Speaking of names, I understand that the new style of parasols, with the short, thick handle mounted in gilt, agate and ivory knobs and crosses, is called the "Union League Club." How is that for euphony? We shall have some article of apparel called the "Morgue" yet.

In hair-dressing, the most novel feature is the combing of the short locks down smoothly upon the forehead. They call it "lunatic fringe;" that is the common name, but the more *fastidious* speak of it as the "George Francis Train fringe." It is a popular fashion among the lady admirers of that illustrious individual.

We have a new bonnet, an innovation on all late shapes, known as the "Victoria" bonnet. I have not time to describe it, but it is destined to make a sensation. I don't know whether children cry for it or not, but it is certain no family should be without it.

Yours seriously,
OLIVE KING.

IN BRIGHT DAYS YET TO COME.

Lay, lay thy hand in mine, love,
And let us sink to rest,
And bid our hearts take courage—
Whatever comes is best.
The past is passed and over,
We draw near one long home;
But, love, a hope remaineth
Of bright days yet to come—
Of bright days yet to come, love,
Of bright days yet to come.

What though the past was bitter,
If we have present peace?
What reck we of our labors,
Now that our labors cease?
For now 'tis ours to hope, love,
As we draw near our home,
For sure reward of faith, love,
For bright days yet to come—
For bright days yet to come, love,
For bright days yet to come.

And if the bright days come, love,
Ere our life's sands be run,
We'll praise God for His mercy,
That all our work is done.
And then we'll wait together
Till He shall call us home,
To joy in all the joy, love,
Of bright days yet to come—
Of bright days yet to come, love,
Of bright days yet to come.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

THE BIBLE:
Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 29.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Names and Their Significations.

Giving a name, considered among us of so little importance, is a matter of grave moment in the East. We name our children to distinguish them from each other; and the particular appellation is selected only because it has a pleasant sound to the ear, or recalls the memory of some loved one. As to the *signification* of the name, that is a thing that never enters our minds for a moment; and indeed comparatively few of our names have any signification at all.

But in the East it is altogether different. While the world was yet young, and mankind was just beginning to mould itself into conventional forms, people and places, countries and objects were called by designations that suggested an appropriate meaning; as Adam, *red*, descriptive of a reddish-brown complexion, and Cain, *possession*, "because," says the exultant mother in the joy of her heart, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." This custom, so early prevalent, has been everywhere in the East retained; and with the usual Oriental aversion to change of fashions, they still cling with the utmost tenacity to the time-honored habit of naming children in such a manner as always to convey thereby some striking trait or notable fact in their history. I remember a very lovely little girl who bore the synonym of *Anatah*, "tender-eyed," from the gentle, dove-like expression of her beautiful eyes; and another, the child of a mother who was not a favorite with her husband, was called *Gud-cha-rak*, or, "Now my husband will love me," just as Leah, in view of the eager desire of Jewish fathers for male offspring, said exultantly of her first-born, "He shall be called *Reuben*, or "behold a son," adding, "now therefore will my husband love me."

Hannah called her son *Samuel*, "God hath heard," because she had "asked him of the Lord," just as so many devout Mohammedans name their first-born *Abdallah*, "servant of God," consecrating, in the old Mosaic fashion, to the service of the Supreme "that which openeth the womb." A child so named will be constantly reminded of the fact of his consecration, just as Moses' name, which means "saved," was ever repeating to him the lesson of gratitude he owed to her who "drew him out of the water." And Jabez could not forget the fatherless lot that had caused him to bear the name "sorrowful."

JEHOVAH, or Yahveh, is the third person singular of the future tense of the Hebrew verb to be, and means "He shall be," and used as a name it signifies "He that shall be," or "The coming one;" uttering thus in the ears of poor fallen man the precious prophesy of a Saviour's advent, every time the name of Jehovah was uttered.

In the Bible, not only persons but *places* and *things* were thus named, in commemoration of some striking event. Jacob called the place where God met him, *Bethel*, "House of God;" and *Babel*, "confusion," was so named because of the confusion of tongues, to put a stop to the prodigious work. So Samson called the place where he slew the thousand Philistines "with the jaw-bone of an ass" *Ramath lehi*, two words that mean "the lifting up of the jaw-bone." This name he gave to the *place*, and hence has arisen much of the seeming obscurity of the passage and the extreme improbability that God should have caused water sufficient to assuage a man's thirst to gush out of the "hollow place that was in the *jaw*"-*bone of an ass*. It would seem rather to be implied that God opened a spring *not in the bone*, but in the *place* Samson had called *Lehi*, "the bone;" an interpretation that is indicated by the last clause of the verse, "which (the *fountain*) is in Lehi unto this day," or the time when the narrative was written, which could not possibly be true of *the bone* itself. This interpretation is natural and easy, and any *Oriental* would so understand it.

GONE.

Close for aye, the happy eye,
Never more to me, or you,
Lighting up its wondrous blue,
Will the kind, sad soul look through.
Sealed in death's wild wan eclipse!
Kiss the grave and tender lips.
Say we will not—yet we weep,
Murmuring slowly—"let him sleep."

Brush the silken, plumy hair
From his brow so broad and fair;
Death has "set his signet there."
Say we—though we know we must—
Can we give him back to dust?
All his loving kindness keep,
While we whisper—"let him sleep."

We shall hunger for his tone,
Weary bearing on alone,
We must wait his clasping hand
In the radiant "better land."
We can hear him—"Do not weep,
Do not think I am asleep.

"Spirit life to me is given;
Broken ties so harshly riven,
Shall be re-entwined in Heaven.
Look not in my narrow grave;
Sing of Him who died to save.
Golden faith and glad hope keep,
I am *waking, not asleep*."

Lay his precious dust away—
Never breathed there richer clay,
Purer soul ne'er passed away.
Blossoms faint, and sweet and white,
Veil him from our yearning sight:
Shining spheres his footsteps keep,
Up and onward—*not asleep*.

Lytle City, La. MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

Biographical Sketches.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"My revenge is the silly cheat . . . beating and banging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it."—*Autolycus*.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, chaos and anarchy, born of irreligon, ruled England and France; "as if," says Carlyle, "the everlasting pit had opened itself, and from its still blacker bosom had issued madness and all manner of shapeless misbirths, to masquerade and chatter." Dickens has given us graphic glimpses of the horrors of the time in both countries. The descriptions in his master-pieces, "Barnaby Rudge" and "A Tale of Two Cities," are illuminated with lurid, melodramatic flashes that bring the terror of the events before us in all its intensity.

Among the charlatans, swindlers and scoundrels of all descriptions, then so plentiful, Guiseppe Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, with pseudonymes ad libitum, stands pre-eminent. This is saying a great deal, if we remember that Psalmanazar, Chevalier d'Eon and others like them, were almost contemporaries of his.

In 1748, Guiseppe Balsamo was born at Palermo, in Sicily. Biographers disagree about his parents. Mrs. Jamieson asserts that his father was executed for swindling; but, according to Goethe, his mother, at least, seems to have been a very respectable person. While Guiseppe was growing, he was placed by an uncle in the Seminary of St. Roch; but here the discipline did not agree with him; his genius was not allowed to follow its bent, and so he escaped, to seek a more congenial life in the streets. After much difficulty, his uncle succeeded in getting him placed in the Convent of Cartigirone. It was determined that he should become a monk. He assumed the habit of a novice, and he was given in charge to the convent apothecary. This was a turning-point in his career. In the convent laboratory he acquired those principles of chemistry which in after life enabled him to conceal his impostures under the cloak of magic. The monks of Cartigirone endeavored to eradicate Guiseppe's vicious propensities; but in vain; after giving great scandal to the community, he returned to Palermo and the world.

He next practised the art of drawing with some success, keeping the worst company in Palermo, and by way of relaxation indulging in forgery and magic. He soon became such an expert imitator of the writing of others that he was able to falsify a will without discovery.

One of his essays in magic caused his flight from Palermo. He persuaded a certain goldsmith, Marano by name, that he had received a spiritual monition of buried treasure, and that Marano's share in it would be something considerable, should he invest a reasonable sum to pay for the ingredients necessary for the mysterious ceremony of unearthing it. Marano advanced sixty gold ounces. One night, when the moon was favorable, Guiseppe led Marano to a particular spot, and they both began to dig; the goldsmith with a will, Guiseppe not quite so enthusiastically. Suddenly six demons, hideously "gotten-up especially for this occasion," rushed upon the unfortunate Marano, and beat him until he was forced to use his stiletto on these guardians of the buried treasure.

After this Guiseppe discreetly retired from his native city, but we are not informed that he returned the goldsmith's sixty ounces, and one cannot help suspecting that the "demons" were never paid for their work. It is asserted that he next went to Messina, and in company with a man named Althotas, journeyed to Egypt, where he amassed immense sums of money by turning hemp into silk. From another account we glean that becoming tutor to a prince, he murdered his pupil, and thus secured his wealth; but these accounts are probably mythical, as he afterward appeared at Rome, and earned a precarious livelihood by selling pen-drawings. At Rome or Venice he married Lorenza Feliciana, who was remarkably beautiful, and the young couple set forth to seek their fortune. During his travels he successively became Count de Milissa, Commander de Belmont, Chevalier Pellegrini, Count de Pischio, and finally Count Cagliostro. The interesting pair passed through Europe, duping all fit subjects with a sufficient amount of cash.

In an evil moment, the count and countess visited Palermo. The forgery of the will had been by this time discovered and the affair of the buried treasure had not been forgotten; in consequence, the fictitious count was thrown into prison. His wife, however, contrived by exerting the influence of her grace and beauty to gain a friend at court, and the count was at length released. He managed to support a magnificent establishment. He hired persons to precede him and blazon forth his miraculous cures, his wonderful gift of prophecy, and his immense learning.

At Strasburg, he was enthusiastically received. He used his "Extract of Saturn" in the hospitals, and gave money to the poor. The Abbé Georgel estimated that he must have spent 20,000 livres a year. He made visits to England, and introduced his "Wine of Egypt" and "Beautifying Water," warranted to restore the bloom of youth to the most faded faces. He filled his purse by foretelling lucky numbers in the lottery, and opened a new mine of wealth by becoming a Free-Mason. Having crossed the threshold of Masonry, he did not stop there. His mind was filled by a new idea. He had discovered, he said, some manuscripts belonging to an unknown George Cofton. These documents treated of Egyptian Masonry. Cagliostro determined to purify Egyptian Masonry, and to form a system of his own. He assumed the title of grand copth, and promised to conduct his followers to perfection "by means of a physical and moral regeneration; to enable them by the former (or physical) to find the prime matter, or Pailosopher's Stone, and the acacia which consolidates in man the forces of the most vigorous youth and renders him immortal; and by the latter (or moral) to procure them a Pentagon, which shall restore man to his primitive state of innocence, lost by original sin."

The ceremonies of initiation into this Egyptian society were declared to be blasphemous and horrible, yet well calculated to impress the aspirant for admission. The count pretended to be able to transmute lead into the precious metals, and to foretell future events by means of a columbo or child in a state of innocence. He and his wife continued their travels, becoming quite "the rage" among the *beau monde* of various cities. The countess pretended to be much older than she looked, asserting that she was preserved from loss of youth by the "Beautifying Cosmetic" of her husband.

Unluckily for Cagliostro, he revisited Rome. His journey through France had been a complete triumphal progress. Now came a reverse. He was imprisoned in the dungeons of St. Leon, and sentenced to death. Pius VI. commuted his sentence to perpetual imprisonment. His wife was sent to a convent, where she ended her days in penitence. A confederate, Ximines, was also incarcerated. On the persons of Cagliostro and Ximines were found several mysterious papers, and a number of crosses bearing the letters L. P. D. After many refusals to reveal the meaning of these letters, they were at last forced to give the following information:

Lillium pedibus destrue.

Trample the lily under foot.

In the summer of 1795, Guiseppe Balsamo, Count di Cagliostro, &c., ended his days in prison, having completed one of the most brilliant careers of quackery on record.

A SONG OF THE PEN.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

For sale—the fact I advertise—
A pen but little worn,
Full-charged with mental enterprise,
And fancies newly born;
The prudent purchaser will find
This pen the rarest of its kind.

In days gone by, its inky pranks,
Its quips, and jests and puns,
Amused all classes and all ranks—
Wise men and simpletons;
It did its work, perhaps, too well,
But on its faults I cannot dwell.

The highest bidder gets this pen—
'Tis offered cheap, for cash—
It has promoted bouts of men,
And written poems of trash;
It makes black white, and the reverse,
And quickly glides from bad to worse.

Some heavy editor-in-chief,
Whose rise in life began
While yet an undetected thief,
Would be the very man
This pen to recognise and claim—
It gave him fortune and a name.

The demagogue, whose active brain
Begins to surely sink,
In spite of struggling might and main,
Should pause, and rest and think;
He need not fear to let his will
Become familiar with this quill.

In short, this pen is just the thing
For men of feeble brain,
Whose thought and speech have lost the ring.
Wh'ch lost, comes not again;
I ring no brazen auction-hall—
A pen like this will surely "sell!"

KEEP TO YOUR SPHERE.

BY GLEN CAROL.

The theory is irreproachable, *as* a theory, but "be wise in time," ye who would subject it to the test of practice. I am referring to the prevalent existing idea that marriage is an equalizer! If a man marries beneath him, as it is called; *if* he chooses for a companion one who is his inferior in natural ability, education and position in life, let him make up his mind to "repent at leisure," ere the honeymoon be over. There are exceptions of course to every rule, but such marriages are seldom happy ones. There is often such an utter lack of congeniality between two persons thus linked for life, that it is impossible for them to agree upon the most trivial subject—contention ensues, or silent disgust; regret takes the place of love—if ever love truly existed—a doubtful point—and to the long list of unhappy marriages there is added still another.

Reversing the case—suppose a woman marries a man a notch below her in the social scale, and two notches below her in the intellectual one, can she hope by force of will, example and companionship to transform him into the ideal she has been cherishing all her life, to raise him to her own level? True, the social gate swings back for many an unworthy man and woman, and socially, each may lift the other to his or her position, but the gates leading to those Eden-fields wherein kindred spirits meet to hold intellectual companionship, are unlocked only for those who have the right to pass through them. No makers enter here!

Bound for this life to one upon whom all her highest and finest feelings, all her purest and noblest efforts have been worse than wasted, what is left to such an one but remorse, bitter and lasting as it is unavailing?

Keep to your own sphere—your own level in marrying, whatever that sphere or level may be. You cannot mould the possible from the impossible—nor transform an image of putty into one of perfect marble.

Keep to your sphere!

☞ Happy are families when the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

A GIRL'S FAITH.

No two leaves above us waving
Are quite alike in form and hue;
No two flowers in equal measure
Hold the blessing of the dew;
Nothing on earth is repeated,
All is special, all is new.

So of all the hosts of lovers,
Now and in the days of yore,
Loving deeply, loving lightly,
Loving less, or loving more,
None have loved—I hold it certain—
Quite as you and I before.

Hearts have beat, but not as ours did,
When this hope upon us broke;
All our former life mere dreaming,
'Tis to consciousness we woke,
In a world anew created
By a little word each spoke.

No! as ours! for that was needed
Which belongs to us alone;
Just the years we two have counted,
Just the sorrows we have known,
Just your strength and just my weakness,
Love! our love is all our own!

MANUEL THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR,

Whose name on account of circumstances connected with the story is kept secret at her own request.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Professor Vance stood silent for a moment. "Are you sure that I am the man who gave you a hundred dollars?" he asked presently.

"Oh, yes," replied the Indian, sententiously.

"What is my name?" queried the professor.

"You name Mr. Manuel," replied the Indian.

"And what did I hire you to do?"

"Go up in bush—in the woods. Put ropes on your hands and white squaw's hands. Take you off—far, big ways—into Manao."

"Manao!"

"Great gold land—much Injun there. No pale face—pale face never git away—'cause never git there;" and something approaching to a smile lit the savage face.

"Hum—hum"—said the professor running over the incidents in his mind. "There's a mystery here. How would this Indian know about such an abduction, if it had not been as he says? I begin to see into the matter. Horrible! The plan was laid by Manuel—this man who resembles me so much, it seems, that even the very Indians observe it. I must keep him with us, if I can."

"No matter about the hundred dollars," he said aloud, lightly, "let it go on condition that you remain, and travel with us a month. Do you understand? I want to find big white lily—the flower that spreads its white leaves on the water. You help me—I give you another hundred."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian with immense satisfaction in look and tone, as though he felt he had some way got out of his trouble, though the blank look that followed, proved that he was not quite secure as to how it might end.

"Very well then—you stay by us while we go to Berbice—the other fellow can go, as I have found the instrument—let him go, men; and if he thieves again, we shall burn him!" With this fearful threat, the Indian was let loose, and bounded from the tent.

"What do you think of the Indian's story?" asked Professor Vance of his guide, an intelligent young fellow.

"I think it appears a little dark for Manuel, sir," replied the other.

"So do I—so do I; I have had my suspicions roused more than once."

"But how comes it, sir, that you look so like Mr. Manuel?" interrogated the man; "at times I could swear you were he."

"Ah! that I don't know," was the reply; "a freak of nature, I suppose. It happens so sometimes, that two men born on opposite sides of a continent, bearing different blood in their veins, resemble each other like twins."

"I should say I was certain you were brothers, sir—if I didn't know."

"I hope not," returned the professor.

"Why, sir—we all like Mr. Manuel, right well, sir," said the guide.

"And I have no occasion to dislike him," said the professor; "on second thought I don't mind looking like him, as it will serve the purposes of justice."

In fourteen days after the capture of Wa-wa-nosh, who had continued very docile, though constantly watched and well guarded, they were some distance on their way to Berbice, where in the adjacent forests grew some wonderful plants of great medicinal virtue.

In their wanderings, they came upon a plain in the midst of a dense forest, that presented a scene of the liveliest description. Upon tall poles were hung stripe of gandy-colored cloth or bark—there were tents and huts of recent erection and construction, and nearly a hundred Indians tricked out in their savage finery, seemed to be engaged in traffic with the representatives of four or five different languages.

Here Wa-wa-nosh was of service in explaining the business and intentions of the interior.

"Him Macoushe Injun, come to sell wourali," he muttered, as they drew near the huts where were exposed curiously tinted boxes, painted and tinselled.

"Wourali! what! that wonderful poison?" exclaimed Professor Vance; "I must have some; it is just what I want."

He accordingly approached one of the huts, where a peculiarly repulsive man seemed to welcome him as if he had known him, and trafficked with him before.

"How do!" he cried, stretching out his hand, English fashion, "me glad to see white man again. Got some *very* strong wourali. Make him myself. Sick seven days after, so they call medicine man; think I going to die—ugh! Big John no dead yet; live to make much wourali."

"What do you sell it for a box?"

"You give me ten dollars before," said the Indian, slyly.

"I gave *you* ten dollars! I never saw you before."

"Ugh, ugh!" chuckled the other, "Injun never forgit; Big John never forgit. You give me ten dollar before—this much stronger and better; just prick him, he die—pop. Very fine box for ten dollar."

"What do you mean, man?" cried the professor, frowningly; "I tell you I was never here before—never in this country before; I came from America."

"But I sell you box of wourali for ten dollar," persisted the Indian stolidly. "You go away—leave book here—book fall out of your pocket; Big John find it—ugh!"

Thus saying, he produced a little red memorandum-book, embossed delicately on the cover. The professor opened it curiously, but when he saw the fly-leaf, he wondered no longer. On it was written, in a child's large, awkward hand, "From Della St. Lemoine to Manuel."

The conviction that flashed upon him now almost staggered him. He had heard and read wonderful accounts of the wourali poison. For what purpose had the Dane purchased this deadly stuff, and given a sum so extravagant? How instantaneously there came to his memory the dark looks and darker sayings of the man! It appeared plainly now to him that Manuel was a dangerous character, and that his hands were perhaps stained with blood. The mysterious abduction into the interior stood out to his comprehension a cunning and well-managed plot. The Dane was determined to get possession of the girl—that he knew perfectly well, for Wa-wa-nosh had revealed to him Manuel's conversation. But that his vengeance had gone the length of striking down a human being in cold blood—of murdering him, assassin-like—that he could then stand over his body, lift it in his perjured arms—that he could look without compunction on the wide-spread ruin he had wrought—that was to him entirely incomprehensible, and horrible in the extreme. However, he kept his convictions to himself, purchased the poison, giving the extravagant price demanded, purchased the book also, and set about making experiments with his wourali.

He bought arrows that he was careful to see prepared with the poison in the best manner. Perceiving that the Indian acted with great cunning and precaution, he placed himself in communication with him, as if he were the person for whom he had been taken.

With an almost overwhelming show of secrecy, the Indian now took out a little case made of barbs and quills, and with many signs and grimaces, opened it. It was filled with long sharp needles. Then the savage produced another box, larger and more ornamented, from which he took a small flat instrument composed of a minute spring and a slender metallic tube. Still rivetting his attention, the Indian laid one of the needles in the tube—placed the machine in the hollow of his hand, and pointing it, still in a concealed way, at a bit of wild cotton not much larger than the point of a pin that had caught against the wall of the shanty, he touched the spring, when quick and noiseless the needle flew, and hung quivering in the white lint-like substance.

The Indian turned to him again, and with mute, expressive, but horrible pantomime, appeared to ask him if he could use or had used it in that way.

He bent his head while a sickening sensation came over him, and his heart sank within him. As in a mirror he saw the deed done. This infernal machine, as he conjectured by the signs, left no mark, but was dipped in the strongest solution of the poison, and sent, perhaps, its length into the quivering flesh, when instantaneous death was the result. He bought a box of the hideous instruments, giving as before for the poison, an unprecedented price, and experimented upon some fowls. In every case, death was certain, sudden, and apparently without anguish. He was destined to see its effects still more painfully displayed.

One day he accepted an invitation to witness a tapir-hunt. In the course of the chase they came to a forest where numberless red monkeys chattered in the trees. One of the Indians took a poisoned arrow and fired at a little fellow who grinned from the loftiest branch. It was nearly a perpendicular shot. The arrow missed the monkey, and in the descent struck the Indian in the arm a little above the elbow, slightly drawing blood. With a look which no language could express, the poor Indian turned to the wound.

"I must die," he said, "it is all over with me. I shall never see my little children again. I shall never," said he, in a faltering voice, and looking at his bow as he spoke, "I shall never bend this bow again."

He then feebly unstrung his little bamboo-poison-box, which hung across his shoulder, and putting it with his bow and arrows on the ground, he laid himself close down beside them and never spoke again. The Indians gathered about their dying comrade, and stood looking sadly on. The professor examined the body, and noticed the same peculiarities which the physician had pointed out in the case of poor young Warren. The quiet, composed demeanor, the pleasant expression of countenance—the look so little like death.

And now the time to which the professor had limited himself was drawing to a close. He had collected many valuable plants, animals and minerals. He had nearly fifty superb specimens of aquatic plants, and almost every variety of the lily to be found in the rivers. It was with singular sensations that he turned his face toward the Everglades, bearing evidence as he did of the awful crimes of a fellow-being, one in whom he had felt some interest, and who had been the daily companion for years of the sweet girl to whom his own heart turned with strange, yearning tenderness. He still retained Wa-wa-nosh in his confidence. The Indian had instructions how to act if his appearance was necessary. Wa-wa-nosh had not without the greatest difficulty been made to believe that Manuel and the professor were not one and the same person. He had become extremely attached to his patron, and readily and willingly confided in him.

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUBLE AT THE EVERGLADES.

At last the splendid mansion at the Everglades was reached. Dismissing his men, and retaining only his own confidential servant, he hurried on to see his friends. The first object that met his eye as he entered the noble avenue of Wallaba trees, leading to the front of the mansion, was Manuel, standing near one of the fountains his hands clasped—his hair grown long, and flung wildly over his head—his eyes strained and blood-shot—his forehead full of swelling veins—his whole appearance haggard in the extreme. Curses seemed hovering on his lips, which ever and anon he pressed together with a force that drove the blood far from their surfaces. The coming step roused him. He almost sprang from his feet as he met the eye of Professor Vance—the blood rushed over his face, and it was only with the strongest effort that he controlled himself sufficiently to bid him a hoarse welcome. Overcoming the sudden horror which asserted itself the moment his glance rested upon the murderer—as he could not but think him—the professor spoke.

"You look ill," he said, coldly.

"Ill! I *am* ill; there's a fever in my blood. You didn't know the fever was here, perhaps—ha! ha!"

The laugh was hoarse and unnatural.

"The fever! what fever?" exclaimed the professor, aghast.

"Why, the colony fever; the yellow fever, if you will. Mr. St. Lemoine is down with it—but he's better. M. Bernard lies at death's door—can't get well, the doctor says. Miss Della—" here he gasped—"she had it, but she's down-stairs now. Rose is dead—Kian, the old woman, is dead—the other servants are better, but they've all had it."

There was a nervous twitching of the muscles of the face as he said this, nor did he once look up.

"Well—and is the fever epidemic? Have they had it on the other plantations near—or in the city?—or—" and he spoke with emphasis—"is it confined to this particular family—to this particular locality?"

"It—it—it is only here, I believe, at present," said Manuel, unprepared for this cool questioning.

"And not the season for fevers, either," replied the professor, gravely. "There must be something wrong, I think,"—here he gazed keenly at the Dane, and spoke with stronger emphasis—"something wrong—some *poisonous* quality perhaps, in the water, food or fruit. I must bring my instruments into requisition. I must analyze everything, as I shall suspect everything. In these southern countries vegetable poisons sometimes accumulate where we little think, and getting mixed with the culinary apparatus, derange health and bring on death. If I were the physician, I should recommend that not a particle of food, fruit, wine nor water be touched that comes from this place or through the servants' hands. I'm a bit of a doctor myself, and perhaps, with God's help, may arrest the distemper, *whatever it is!*"

During this emphatic speech, Manuel had stood transfixed—white as a corpse, his eyes dilated, either with pain or terror—his hands unclasped, and hanging nervelessly at his side. The professor moved on hurriedly to the house, his soul in a tumult to which his strongest emotions had ever before been but a light breath of air. Everything about the premises wore the appearance of neglect and desertion. Passing in, the first person he saw was Della, moving languidly around, intent upon some little domestic occupation. He had time to observe her before she turned. Her dress was a white wrapper, but its delicate texture was but a shade more pallid than her face, which was entirely bloodless. The dark eyes seemed unnaturally large, and their orbs were of that shining brightness that marks the first stages of mania. Her hair—that never seemed so abundant before—was looped here and there, as if the weakness or weariness of the wearer forbade any extended care at the toilet, and her hands were extremely attenuated. Suddenly, seeing a figure in a glass, Della turned, uttered a short cry, and as the professor came hastily toward her, she sank with a faint movement into his arms. It was not long before she recovered herself, however, and apologising, stood alone—a slight tinge of crimson surging to her cheeks, but flittingly, for it was gone in a moment.

"Oh! Mr. Vance," she exclaimed, in weak tones, "you have come to a sorrowful house."

"I see you are in trouble—but let me lead you to a seat. There, you can talk now. How long has this state of things been, Miss Della! and how is your father?"

"Father is better," replied Della, her beautiful eyes moistened with tears, her pale lip trembling—"it is thought that he will recover—but—poor M. Bernard!"

Her lip quivered again—large tears rolled down her colorless cheeks.

"You are not able to be up, I fear," said the professor, soothingly, taking her hand, which yet felt damp and cold.

"Oh, yes—I am very well, to what the rest are—besides, papa often needs me, though he has a good nurse. Poor Rose—and poor old Kian! they are gone—that makes it rather hard for me—for you see we can get no one to take their places, they are all so fearful of the fever."

"Have you no servants?"

"Only two or three who are getting well—but they are very feeble. Does the fever always leave the system so thoroughly exhausted? it is terrible!" she shuddered from head to foot.

"How long have you been afflicted with this sickness?" asked the professor.

"We were all well ten days ago—that is, comparatively so. Papa, as usual, was ailing a little. You may judge how suddenly the disorder came on. There stand three cases of jewels, just as I left them on that night. M. Bernard had ordered them for me, poor man, and as I was looking at them, I turned giddy and fell. I remember nothing after that for days. All the household was taken in a similar way—first father, then Manuel, then M. Bernard—then the servants. The doctor pronounced it a virulent attack of yellow fever."

"What had you been eating or drinking previous to this attack?" asked the professor.

"Nothing different from our ordinary diet," replied Della. "At first we thought it was poison, but the doctor said some infection must have been introduced among the articles that had just been transported from Jamaica where the fever is raging. That seemed to account for it."

"Well, Miss Della, allow me at any rate to be *your* physician for a little while. Your pulse is very low—you must have more strength than this if you wish to keep out of your bed. I have studied medicine to some advantage, and if you follow my directions closely, I will promise you a speedy recovery."

"There can be no harm in that," said Della, smiling faintly, "since the doctor only orders me tonics, and hardly considers me a patient."

"Very well. In the first place, then, you must not see this man you call Manuel, if possible, at all, while you are recovering."

Della's eyes grew wider and brighter.

"Touch nothing that he presents you," continued the professor; "I have the best of reasons for requiring this—I, myself, will prepare all your food—I will act in the capacity of water-bearer, or wine-bearer—but neither water, wine nor food that is obtained at the Everglades, must you on any account touch."

"Oh! sir, you would not insinuate," she articulated slowly, then paused.

"I would insinuate nothing; but I would declare in plain terms my belief that this sickness has been no fever at all, but, simply, a case of poisoning—*intentional* poisoning," he repeated in a very low voice, looking straight at Della.

"That is too horrible!" she exclaimed, her whole frame relaxing as if the very thought made her strengthless.

"Yet, awful as it seems—it is not the worst—not the worst of the bad business," muttered the professor, rising, himself overcome at the thoughts that crowded on his mind.

"Oh! poor, poor M. Bernard!" sobbed Della; "if I could but save *him!*"

"I will see him; where is he?" asked the professor.

"In the chamber next to papa—stay, I will go with you," said Della, drying her tears, and attempting to rise.

"Not unless you allow me to support you," said the professor, firmly but gently placing his arm about her slender form. "And you must on no account come down-stairs again till I allow you," he added, playfully. "I will myself be your nurse, physician, maid—whatever you require. When my mother was ill in Florida, and all the servants were taken down with the fever—when the nurses were called to the hospitals, or to the residents, I cared for her, through the whole sickness, and she paid me the compliment of saying that she was never nursed half so well. My servant will be here presently, and I can easily engage help by going for it myself."

"There is the chamber," said Della, pointing to where long lace curtains, looped at the entrance, swayed gently to and fro.

"Very well; now allow me to assist you to your own. And let me further beg of you to touch nothing in the way of refreshments till I bring them to you, or your life may pay the forfeit."

Having seen her quietly resting, the professor entered the room of M. Bernard. It was a large, cool apartment, the splendor of whose furnishing shone darkly brilliant in the twilight made by closed blinds, and shades dispersed here and there. A portly nurse sat on one side of the bed, her eyes intent on the patient, and an attenuated, sickly yellow boy on the other, waved a large fan languidly. M. Bernard was just living. He smiled as he met the kind face of Professor Vance—pressed his hand warmly, and whispered—

"I am going, Vance—see to *her*," he added, with emphasis. "Oh! Vance—she was to have been my wife to-day."

His lips trembled, and sadly he turned his face to the wall.

In a moment after he said—

"I have made my will; she inherits all—the same as if—" he could not finish the sentence. Intense emotion prevented.

Seeing that he could do him no good, Professor Vance, after a few kind words, moved slowly from the room, and entered that of Mr. St. Lemoine. He lay extended on a lounge, robed in a silken dressing-gown. His face was pallid, but touched with the hue of returning strength. A book rested upon a low stand beside him—a chased vial stood near, and a delicate wine-glass in which was a silver spoon. He was both astonished and delighted to see the professor, and clutched at his hands, drawing him toward him as if he were indeed welcome.

"Well, Vance, you find us in a pretty situation," he said, with a sigh. "Misfortune after misfortune, and of the direst kind. I almost begin to believe with poor old Kian that this infernal place is accursed. She declared from the first day she set her foot here that we should have no kind of peace or comfort, and it's a fact that I've enjoyed neither except by jerks. How glad I am to see you. But this is a sorry welcome—and you will be glad to get out of it, I expect."

"Don't say a word; I'm thankful to find some of you alive," said the professor; "and as to the rest, I'm going to make myself useful—have already instituted myself doctor, nurse and maid to Della—and—"

"Where is the child?" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, starting up—"I declare! I had entirely forgotten—and she was with me but a moment ago. My memory is dreadfully treacherous, Vance," he said, mournfully.

"Another symptom," muttered the professor to himself. "Della is safe in her own chamber," he said, aloud—"I sent her there—and this afternoon shall engage a maid for her."

"You know how it is with poor M. Bernard, I suppose," said Mr. St. Lemoine.

"Yes, I saw him but now; he will probably die to-night."

"It was all arranged—the wedding," murmured Mr. St. Lemoine, "they were to have been married to-day. Poor fellow! What a splendid husband he would have made her! and I think the child was attached to him."

"Is your physician quite sure that this attack was fever?" asked the professor.

"Quite; what else could it be?"

"Poison," said the professor.

"Poison!" The sick man's face grew ghastly. "Poison! who would poison us?"

"No matter for that, now—and be quite calm," said the other. "I only tell you my suspicions that I may insure your scrupulous obedience to my wishes, nay, my commands. I have already laid them upon Della; and now that I am here, it is doubly necessary that you should both be careful. I will explain myself more fully hereafter. All I ask of you, is not to touch a particle of food or liquid that is not brought to you by my own servant. Have you sufficient confidence in me to promise this?"

"Most certainly I have," replied Mr. St. Lemoine, with a wondering look.

"Very well—you will find yourself a well man in less than a week; that I promise you."

"You must suspect some one; is it Manuel?" inquired Mr. St. Lemoine.

The abruptness of the question startled the professor.

"His actions have been so very singular for the last few months! By Heaven, if I found he had been tampering with any of our lives, I'd hang him up without judge or jury!"

"Be silent—be silent," exclaimed the other, hurrying to the door and looking out. Then returning, he said, "I confess I am very much afraid of that man;" and cautiously he unfolded the plot of Della's abduction.

Mr. St. Lemoine was motionless with horror.

"To think," he exclaimed, I have been nourishing a viper to strike me!"

"But we must proceed with the utmost caution," said the professor, "and if you will leave him to me, I think I can convict him. Be certain that everything that can be done shall be done. Meanwhile, I hope to see you well very shortly; and for fear that I am wearying you beyond your strength, I will leave you now."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANE ACCUSED OF MURDER—MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE—THE WARNING.

M. Bernard had been buried a week. Professor Vance still adhered to his determination to have nothing cooked in the house that was procured on the plantation. Mr. St. Lemoine and his daughter were convalescing rapidly; but Manuel avoided the professor; grew silent and morose, looking at him often askance, his countenance filled with bitter emotions. But Professor Vance being constantly on his guard, watched the Dane as narrowly as he was watched. He knew that Manuel having gone so far, and become almost a monomaniac, would scruple at nothing that promised the consummation of his diabolical plans.

Sometimes he conversed with the Dane.

One day they talked of the Indians, their haunts, and their customs.

"And, by the way," he said, carelessly, "I was once taken for you, by an Indian, who muttered incoherently about a hundred dollars; I wonder what the fellow meant?"

Manuel labored as if for breath, and his face took on an ashy hue. He tried, however, to laugh off his confusion, but did not succeed.

"I suppose you have seen their celebrated wourali poison," the professor added, mercilessly.

The Dane shook, either with suppressed passion or terror.

"It is wonderful! Did you ever have an opportunity of witnessing its effects? By the way, when I purchased some, another coincidence happened. The Indian, a Macoushi, I believe, a horribly repulsive looking wretch, persisted that I bought a box of him, seven moons ago, and paid him ten dollars. I protested that he had never seen me, and of course the thing was impossible, for I have never been in these colonies before."

All this time Manuel had been growing whiter. He appeared as if struck with a sudden palsy, for he neither moved nor spoke.

"As I evinced considerable interest," added the professor, his eyes now sternly fastened upon the guilty man, "he showed me these."

He opened a case enclosing the deadly instruments. The Dane's eyes started out—his lips worked convulsively—while his face was covered with a fine perspiration.

"From all of which, I judge," he continued, "that he considered me some desperate character, who had once had dealings with him. I let him think as he pleased, of course, and he explained to me how scientifically—and surely—a man—might be shot—*perhaps—in—the—neck.*"

The professor sprang backward. The Dane made a dangerous lunge at him—but his arm stiffened, froth came out of his mouth, and he fell in a fit to the floor.

Calling the servants, Professor Vance, his suspicions now made certainties, had the insensible body taken to a room, securely guarded, and confined by locks and bolts. As soon as this was done, the Dane's chamber was searched. If evidence had been wanting, it was now supplied. As reckless in his experiments as he had been cruel, Manuel had taken but little precaution to secure his infernal machinery. There were found the most subtle poisons, leaves of rosemary, and deadly plants upon which he had experimented perhaps for months—boxes of wourali, of different strength—vials of pungent odors, all of which were immediately buried in a safe place till they could be tested by science.

"Give me my pistols; let me shoot the wretch," cried Mr. St. Lemoine, driven almost to frenzy at the sight; "he deserves not to live another moment."

"You would then be the base thing that he is," said the professor, calming him with difficulty.

"Yes, but, oh! God! why has he been allowed to crawl upon this earth? Poor Warren! good heavens—that handsome, honorable gentleman! Remember how full of life and spirits he was! how beloved at home and abroad! I brought him to his death; the hospitality of my house tempted him here. Oh, what a weight of woe! How shall I forgive myself that I harbored so horrible a wretch! Poor M. Bernard! the thought drives me distracted. Had it been me, in my old age, with sluggish blood and few wants—but to kill so fine a creature! and for no crime but that of loving my child—oh! oh! I shall go mad! Think too, of Rose—the good, honest, faithful girl, struck down in the bloom of her youth; and poor, old decrepid Kian, *she* would have lived but a little while at the longest—how could he cut short her poor life?"

It was a difficult matter to keep him from taking revenge into his own hands, but the entreaties of the physician, and the gently stern remonstrances of Professor Vance prevailed. Meanwhile, the dreadful news spread with lightning-like rapidity. All Georgetown was astir, and faces grew paler as the story flew. The governor sent a guard to the house on the following day, under which Manuel was to be conducted to the prison.

Then came the strangest part of the entire proceedings. The men who had been placed over the culprit, were found wonder-stricken in the morning, staring at blank walls and at each other. Manuel was nowhere to be seen. Every part of the room was found to be secure. No mortal could leap from the windows and live, for they were on the side of the house overhanging an abrupt descent full twenty feet to the bottom. From the base of the house, the windows measured nearly fifty. A jump of seventy feet would have insured broken limbs or a fractured neck. The men averred that they had slept, for the prisoner was pinioned and without arms; besides, the door was fastened from the hall, and there was evidence that no violence had been used. One of the men missed his two pistols—both declared that Manuel was the devil, and they would stay there no longer. It was certainly a most mysterious business—something that could by no reasoning be accounted for, and the inmates of the Everglades were awe-struck, some of them infuriated. The whole house was set in motion; men hastened in every direction, and searched all day, but in vain. Della had not the least curious item to add. She had been wakened by a touch on her brow—it seemed, she added, blushingly, like a kiss. For a second she saw a dim figure moving by the side of her bed; then it was gone. Afterward, when more fully awake, she had called her maid—they together struck a light and examined the room. The box containing the miniature, they found on the floor—the miniature was gone, the door unlocked, and she was very certain it had been fastened when she retired for the night.

"When will these wonders cease?" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, distractedly. "The villain has possessed himself of some witchcraft! how could he enter my child's room from the place where he was secured? I will search for him day and night!"

But the search, though carried on vigilantly, proved unavailing; consequently the inmates of the Everglades were in constant fear. Suppose he had sworn to kill them all! How could they escape his vengeance, if he possessed such valuable but deadly resources, and he invisible?

But gradually the impression of fear, of danger, wore away. If any further violence was done, the whole colony to a man would be roused. Blood-hounds could be procured from abroad to hunt the murderer down; and he was probably too well aware of this, provided he was disguised, and in any part of the vicinity.

Time passed on.

Della recovered her health and her beauty. Under the care of Professor Vance, whom she learned to love as she had never loved before, she became almost a new being. Here her heart had found rest. She looked up to him as to a sort of divinity. His chivalric bearing, his uncommon beauty and various accomplishments were, in her eyes, the least of his charms; it was his noble, generous heart she loved; intuitively she felt that his character was unstained. Still she dreaded the question that she knew would come. It was hardly to be wondered at that a nervous apprehension seized her whenever the thought obtruded itself. Misfortune, swift and terrible, had fallen upon every one who had sought her hand. True, Manuel, to all appearance, had left them forever—but the old superstition, nursed by the garrulous tongue of poor Kian, fostered in her youth by the gloom and misery by which she had been surrounded, asserted itself continually, and when at last the young professor declared his love, and claimed her hand, her great happiness was not without alloy. She told him her fears, that blended strangely with her joyous words, her beaming smiles.

"Trouble yourself no more, my darling," said Professor Vance, "that ghost is laid, I hope, forever. It is my firm conviction that the wretched Manuel has taken his own life. If he yet lives, then he is too fond of a guilty, Heaven-cursed existence, to run the risk of losing it. Besides, your father is heartily sick of the Everglades, he confesses to me, and has for some time been endeavoring to sell it, but as yet can find no purchaser. He has decided to go to the United States with us, that beautiful land where you shall be so happy! Trust in God, my darling! the darkness of your day is being touched by dawn. I will be your good genius!"

With such pleasant words he beguiled her from her grief—and preparations on a magnificent scale were made for the wedding. Mr. St. Lemoine took almost a childish delight in ordering hampers, flowers, jewels, pastry and beautiful ornaments for every department of the dwelling. The room in which the ceremony was to take place was to be dressed with white roses of every known variety.

An arch composed entirely of camelia buds and blossoms, was arranged for the bride and groom. Most magnificent were the bridal appointments. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. A thousand cards were sent out. Pavilions were erected on the grounds, as it was not possible for the house to contain so many guests—tents were built, under which tables, splendidly laid, gave promise of abundant refreshments at all hours. The trees were hung with colored lamps and festooned with flowers; everything was conducted on the same scale of almost regal expenditure.

The professor had arranged with the captain of a large Danish-built brig, then in port, and which the master—who owned her—had fitted up with sumptuous accommodations, to charter the vessel for himself and his company, paying a price that would indemnify the captain for the loss of a cargo.

They did not intend to carry anything away with them, save articles of need and great value, such as jewels and family memorials, for Della's fortune was immense, and Mr. St. Lemoine was a very wealthy man.

The mansion was left in care of an experienced housekeeper, who, with her father, a man shrewd, intelligent and honest, were to take entire charge of Mr. St. Lemoine's property until the latter saw fit to return.

Thus all things seemed to insure a pleasant wedding and a prosperous voyage. The eventful night came—one of the brightest and most beautiful of that balmy clime. The house was illuminated from base to roof; the gardens were lighted; tapers glittered in and out of the thick foliage, and hours before the time appointed for the ceremony, carriages were arriving and being led away to the stables by a multitude of grooms. It resembled the reception night of royalty—beauty, music, mirth, profusion and almost oriental splendor.

Never looked bride more peerlessly beautiful! With her own fair hands, Lady Alice, the wife of the governor, arranged her bridal drapery, to whose exceeding richness no pen could do justice. Radiant and blushing, the sweet Della stood beside the no less splendid bridegroom; and the solemn ceremony was concluded amidst a silence that seemed doubly impressive as it had fallen on a throng so great.

Then came bursts of exhilarating music from the immense band, and varied amusements were begun, that would end only with the morning dawn.

Two hours of uninterrupted gayety had passed, when Professor Vance was called aside by the master of ceremonies, who wished his advice upon some important measure. As he hurried back, intent upon gaining the blissful presence of his bride, Lady Alice Wooden met him, her appearance agitated, an unusual state for her.

"Mr. Vance," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "the bride seems quite indisposed, from sudden terror, and she will not tell us what it is. Hurry to her—I am alarmed; she is in the little room adjoining the drawing-rooms."

Another moment and Della had thrown her arms around his neck, and with hysterical sobs, and inarticulate murmurs, she lay upon his bosom, while he, almost unnerved, implored her to confide in him.

"It was you," she cried, standing off and searching his every feature; "only say it was you! but, oh! how could you! it might drive my reason quite away."

"Della, my love, my wife—what does this manner, what does this accusation mean?"

"Only tell me it was you!" she cried again, a frantic passion in her voice; "come with me." She led him to the verandah—shrinkingly, timidly glancing about her. "I stood there," she said, in a low, scared tone, pointing near where a small rug of bird-of-paradise-feathers was placed at the foot of a chair draped with white lace and satin. "On looking at yonder aperture, formed by those grape tendrils you trained," her voice took on a frighted whisper—"I saw *his* face—yours—Manuel's! Oh! in pity tell me—which was it?" and, white with terror, she sank again half-fainting on his shoulder.

The strong man shuddered from head to foot. For one instant—and but for one—a searching dread penetrated his soul.

Was he to lose her yet? Or must his own life pay the forfeit of his new, wild happiness?

He had not been near the verandah since he had left her there; and if it were indeed the fearful Dane, whose life seemed charmed, what security had he against his secret shafts! There was only way to do; the grounds must be searched; and for the sake of his young wife, a body-guard must be formed immediately, and men stationed at every door to watch narrowly whoever entered. These precautions were taken. The professor remained in one apartment, with his young wife, who, now that her apprehensions were so terribly roused, would not suffer him to leave her side.

Thus passed the night. The hurried search brought no secret to light, and the professor persuaded himself that Della's imagination, wrought upon by so many melancholy incidents, had presented to her the face of Manuel. He did not strive to convince her of this, however; he saw that she was too firmly impressed.

Farewells were exchanged—the great

company had left the Everglades; the wind was fair, and the handsome brig ready for sea. Everything they needed had been carried aboard the three days previous, and Vance bore the most precious freight of all—his living, loving bride.

"Now I am content," cried Della, with a hysterical laugh, as hanging on her husband's arm she surveyed the beautiful cabin—their own state-room—the pleasant accommodations for her invalid father. "Oh, I have been in such deadly terror since—since—is not my hair turning white? I feel as if it must be."

"Dark and beautiful as ever," murmured her husband, pressing his lips upon her forehead. "Now I must exert my authority," he added, laughingly. "I command you, on pain of my—*my deepest frown*, not to mention that name again as long as we two are man and wife. We are rid of the evil presence now, thank Heaven! We are free, dear Della—on our way to a free land. Let us forget the trials of the past, and look forward hopefully to the future. Say, shall I be obeyed?"

"Most implicitly," replied the beautiful young wife, laughing back—a sudden sense of the freedom he described lighting up her eyes and tinging her cheeks. "Oh! yes—I *will* try to forget, indeed I will—but—" she started violently. A sailor had that moment passed the door of their cabin.

"What now, Della, are you going to be nervous still?"

"It was nothing," murmured the young wife, her eyes still searching the deck; "but I shall be better in time. You are still my doctor, you know—what shall I take for a nervine?"

"Confidence—and love," he answered.

She repeated the words softly, though with a blanched lip.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 44.)

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. FISELL ARRANGES FOR A HIGHLAND FLING.

Mr. Fisell took some little time to recover himself, for, as we have said, he felt sick and faint, and his shins were barked and bleeding.

He also took advantage of a "private bar" at the "Andalusian Stores," at no great distance from the house he had just left, together with three "threes" of whisky hot.

"Scotch?" interrogated the young countess at the counter, looking at him with inexpressible *hauteur* as he gave his first order.

"No," he growled, hysterically; "Hirish. I hates the very name of Scotch. If I were a hinnocent babe now, I wouldn't play 'op Scotch for a thousand pounds, and the very name of butter Scotch is p'ison to me. Butter Scotch," he repeated, with a bitter cackle; "she likes butter Scotch."

"Sugar, sir?" again suggested the haughty princess at the bar, regarding him with a look of ineffable disdain.

"No!" he all but shouted; "athout! I'm not to be sugared now; never no more, never. Mind, miss, let the water be b'iling—b'iling, if you please—then it will be as hice to my scorching hinside."

"Got the colic, old man?" remarked a customer, who spent his mornings in this nook, looking at him with a sympathetic expression. "I suffers a good deal from that."

Mr. Fisell folded his arms and turned his back upon him. He was in no mood for conversation; he wanted to work himself up to pay a visit to the Duke of Glenlyon, that he might petrify that exalted nobleman by the information that his pride of birth was about to be seriously wounded by the marriage of his son, Gordon Athol, with a mere work-girl.

"I'll put my dagger into his 'orthiness up to the 'ilt," he grated between his teeth. "I'll make the proud 'ighlander tip me the 'ighland fling, and cry, wheugh! when I pours my fearful revelation into his har-istocratic hears. I'll make his pot bile over, and send him flourishin' his claymore over that pup Gording Athol's hears. I'll forbid the banns with a wheugh! and a 'ighland fling, or I'm not a true son of this 'appy land."

As we have said, it took at least three "threes" of "b'lin' hot Hirish" to effect the screwing up his courage to "beard the lion in his den," but it was screwed up at last, and he set out with flushed cheeks and eyes to Whitehall Gardens.

It was an assistance to him that he had been to the duke's mansion three or four times previously on errands for Mr. Athol, and that distinguished official, who is "the grand old porter of the hall," recognized him, with the same amount of attention and condescension he would have evinced to a journeyman tailor who had brought home some garments for the butler.

He admitted Mr. Fisell to the farther edge of the enormous mat within the threshold of the door, and looking at him with the air of the turnkey of a debtors' prison, suspicious that he had got contraband spirits concealed upon his person, he said—

"Who do you want?"

Mr. Fisell endeavored to assume the air of a prince, and answered—

"I'm Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co."

"You mean you come from them," corrected the elevated guardian of the hall. "Do you want Mr. Athol's man?"

"No, sir," responded Fisell, drawing a deep breath, elevating his chin in the air, and folding his arms; "I desires to see the jook himself, if you please."

"What do you want to see him about?" demanded the porter, as though it were necessary that nothing should be transmitted to the duke unless it had been aired before him.

Mr. Fisell made the porter feel dizzy, he started at him with such a kaleidoscope movement of his eyes.

"I've private business with his grace," he returned, with an effort to be supercilious. "Mr. Athol's business is the jook's business too."

"Well," reasoned the porter, "what's it about? I must know what it is before I knows whether the duke will see you about it."

"Shall I go back and tell that to Mr. Athol?" artfully interrogated Mr. Fisell, with a sarcastic screw of his lip up toward his left ear. "P'raps he'll write it down on a bit o' paper for you to read, and decide whether it's proper for the jook, his father, to receive it."

"Um!" growled the porter, with a sniff, "if it's Mr. Athol's private business, I suppose it will be right."

With an air of disappointed curiosity, he proceeded to a part of the hall where the brass curves of a series of bells were arranged, and pulled one of them.

A servant in a suit of dark gray livery, and wearing a white necktie, made his appearance from the staircase. The porter jerked his thumb to the spot where Fisell was standing, with the mien of Ajax defying the lightning, and exclaimed, with an oily sarcasm—

"From the city shop, wants to see the duke—got a private message for him from Mr. Gordon."

The aristocrat in the gray suit turned his eyes—he never moved his head round without his body—toward Fisell, and looked him vacantly over, and then disappeared without remark or further notice.

"I'll go on with this to the bitter end," thought Fisell, working his teeth together, "though they are all jooks here."

After an interval of ten minutes, which appeared to Fisell to be at least two hours, the dark-gray suit and white tie re-appeared, halting on the fourth stair. He beckoned with a simple movement of his hand to Fisell to approach him, and as soon as, with a very shop-like alacrity, he did so, he exclaimed, coldly—

"His grace will see you; follow me."

As Fisell obeyed, and ascended the broad, thickly-carpeted stone staircase, he felt his valor and his resolution rapidly oozing, like the courage of Bob Acres, out of his finger ends; and as the dark gray suit paused at a door in a long corridor, and knocked gently at it, as if fearful that his announcement should be heard, he wished that he had reflected a little more carefully before he had taken this step. Had it at this moment been possible for him, like a sprite in the opening of a pantomime, to take a header through a trap at his feet, he would have done so without a moment's hesitation; but before he had time even to suggest that "p'raps he had better call again," he found himself in the presence of the chieftain of the great clan, a noble of the highest rank in the kingdom, a "king of the mountains," in his native home, alone with him. He trembled in every joint, he felt cold and clammy; and when the task to which he had committed himself flashed through his mind, he had an impulse to turn around and make a most undignified bolt from the room; but the sound of a calm, lofty voice, arrested him. The tones were very like Mr. Athol's, and although there was a kind of film over his sight, he raised his eyes to the speaker, with an affrighted impression that he had been introduced into the presence of the son instead of the father.

But he observed that the stately personage before him was an elderly gentleman, with rather closely-cropped silvery hair, and a neatly-trimmed white mustache—a very different person, indeed, to the terrific, fiery, red-headed, scarlet-bearded, Sawney Bean kind of ogre he had pictured to himself as likely to eat him without salt if he offended him.

His embarrassment was too palpable for the duke not to see it, and in a kindly, encouraging way he bade him take breath and recover himself.

"You are the bearer of a private communication to me from Mr. Gordon Athol, I am informed," he added, with a smile, also very like Mr. Athol's. "I have no doubt I shall be pleased to hear it. Take your time. I perceive that you have ascended the staircase too quickly."

This was said condescendingly and reassuringly, but its tone had not that effect, as the strong Scotch accent in which it was uttered made Fisell writhe. It was more decided than that which gave Mr. Athol's utterances a distinctive character, and it recalled at a flash the cause of his bitter animosity against that gentleman.

As if to give him further strength to carry out the purpose which brought him here, his eyes were suddenly attracted by the full length portrait of a young and beautiful lady upon the opposite wall. Lovely as she was depicted, she did not, however, in any feature resemble the Queen of the Work-room and queen of his heart; but she served to bring back with a sharp pang his scornful rejection by Lydia, his sovereign lady.

Once more the spirit of vengeance resumed its sway in his brain.

The thing, however, was how to commence, and his mind trotted about with him in many directions in search of an opening, but with small success, until the duke, in an encouraging tone, interrogated—

"Have you been entrusted with a note for me?"

Then he made an effort to clear his throat, but spoke huskily, as he answered—

"May it please your gracious dukeship, I 'ave not brought any note with me; but I were—"

He paused as if a swelling in his throat debarred further speech.

"A message, I suppose," added the duke, a little quickly, and with a sudden feeling of alarm, for the remarkable visage of Fisell for the first time struck him.

It was pallid, and prismatically tinged with red and green, like the sides of a fresh-caught mackerel, and the features worked about in such a strange way, that his mind at once suggested some serious accident had happened to his son.

"A—no—your great dukeship," gasped Fisell, "not exactly a message; but I were about—"

"But what, man?" demanded the duke, with contracted brow, as Fisell again paused. "Speak! Has anything unpleasant—unfortunate—happened—to my son?"

Fisell nodded his head, folded his arms, then abruptly unlaced them, dropped them to his sides, pushed them behind him, and brought them back to his sides again.

The duke retreated a pace, and a white shade overspread his features. He made an effort to control himself, and with a strange calmness, he exclaimed—

"Tell me what has happened without waste of breath. Ill news cannot be known too soon!"

"Now for it," thought Fisell, with dilated nostrils. "Now I'll let him 'ave it 'ot."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and assumed something of the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, but a gleam from the eyes of the duke as instantly made him resume his humble, cringing manner; and hiding his hands behind him, he half lisped out abruptly—

"Mr. Athol have engaged hisself."

"Engaged himself," repeated the duke, not apprehending his meaning.

"He's been and gone, if it please your dukeship, and made a match."

"Made a what?" interrogated the duke, elevating his eyebrows.

"A match—a regular match, if it please you, my lord duke," responded Fisell, venturing to wink an eye at his grace, and feeling the next moment ready to sink into the earth for so forgetting himself, because that stern, marble, aristocratic face, turned upon him with such an austere look of inquiry, did not appear at all the sort of countenance to court winks, or to tolerate them.

"Explain yourself," returned the duke, with frigid haughtiness. "Do you mean a boating match? I know Mr. Gordon Athol to be an oarsman. You have not surely ventured to intrude upon me to repeat such a tale as that?"

"Oh, no, may it please your dukeship," returned Fisell, hastily, clasping his hands together in front of his breast, and feeling something like a nervous prisoner under interrogation by a severe judge. "Not boating—no, nothing o' that sort o' sport; a sport quite different. I mean a love-match."

The duke looked at him in blank amazement. He was completly bewildered. Was this a lunatic who had cunningly contrived to obtain an audience with him by stratagem? He screwed his eyelids nearly close together as he again surveyed him, and said—

"Did I understand correctly, that you are from the firm of Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co.?"

"Yes, please your dukeship," he replied, with a low obeisance.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"Fisell, may it please you, my lordship. I'm the superintendent of a work department—the sewing-machine department," answerd Fisell, pointedly; "that's it, my lord dukeship. There's over sixty young ladies in that department."

"Young ladies!" echoed the duke, with a scarcely perceptible start, for the expression "love-match" came back to his mind like lightning. He darted a keen glance of inquiry at Fisell's face, as if he should be able to read there all he had to communicate; but its curious distortion baffled him, and he exclaimed, with an indication of irritability which he strove in vain to suppress—"Come to the point, man. You are confounding me. What is this jumble about Mr. Gordon Athol and sixty young ladies?"

Fisell attempted an affected giggle, which he was far from feeling, and responded—

"Oh, fie! if it please your dukeship, it ain't nothing like so bad as that. It's only one he's engaged hisself to—only one, but I thought it was a thing your graceship wouldn't approve of, and that's why I thought it my duty to come here and blow upon him."

"To do what, man?"

"Why, your lordship, to let you know how he's goin' to disgrace your lordship's name and his own, and degrade hisself and his family, a lowerin' the whole lot, by marryin' a work-gal."

"Marrying a work-girl!" echoed the duke, with a dazed look, as if he were not sure that he was not dreaming, or the man was out of his senses.

"Only a work-gal," repeated Fisell, more emphatically. "A common work-gal—a sewin'-machine gal, and nothin' more, and he the son of a great duke, which I mean your graceship, and himself by rights a real lord; and if that ain't a lowerin' hisself I don't know what is."

The duke remained silent for a minute to gather the strings of these incoherencies together, that he might weave something connected out of them; but finding that he did not make much progress—in fact, that the whole suggestion appeared a frantic hallucination, a statement utterly incomprehensible to him—he presently said, peremptorily—

"You have evidently some communication to make to me to which you attach some importance. As I do not waste my time in solving enigmas, put your statement into a narrative form; begin at the beginning, and bring it to a close as shortly and concisely as you can."

Fisell looked at him as if he did not quite comprehend him, and the duke impatiently subjoined—

"I apprehend that a young female, one of the number to whom you have alluded, has attracted the attention of Mr. Athol—a mere idle whim."

"You're joking!" impulsively and emphatically ejaculated Fisell, and immediately, covered with confusion, he stuttered, "It ain't no whim, your lordship, but a *furoar*—a perfect *furoar*."

The duke contracted his eyebrows, and with a slight movement of his hand, said—

"Proceed. Tell me all you know of this matter."

"That's jest what I've come for, your dukeship," he responded, uncomfortably working his hands about as if they were a source of inconvenient trouble to him. "Well, your lordship must understand that we have in our employ a young lady—"

"A gentlewoman?" demanded the duke, quickly.

"Oh, no!" returned Fisell; "a young woman—a gal—one of our work-gals. We call 'em young ladies, but, bless you, you should see some of 'em. Miss Smith—Miss Lydia Smith—is one of the best; in short, she *is* the Queen of the Work-room."

"The Queen of the Work-room!" echoed the duke.

"Yes," answered Fisell, shrugging his shoulders, and making up his mind, as a piece of policy, to decry the charms of the young lady whose name he was taking in vain. "Our Mr. Athol crowned her with a wreath o' hartificial laurels, and the gals hurrayed and all that—"

"Has the girl good looks?" interrupted the duke, beginning to feel a little disquieted.

"Pretty well, your graceship," replied Fisell, superciliously. "She's a han'some gal enough—good form, an' a kind o' proud stepper; dresses smart and showy—better now Mr. Athol has taken her in hand."

"Taken her in hand!" repeated the duke, with an ominous frown; "a trick, a folly, an impropriety of youth. I do not wish to—"

"I beg your pardon, old gentleman—leastways your dukeship," interrupted Fisell in his turn. "It's a good deal worse than that. He's gone clean off his nu—off his head with her. You ain't no idea how far he's gone. I'll tell you how it was."

"Go on!" exclaimed the duke, with angry curtness.

"Well, you see, after that crownin' business in the work-room," he continued, his rancor and malice gaining strength as he went on, "the firm gave the gals a treat in a steamer down the river. Mr. Athol shows up too—comes with us on the flabby pretence of seeing fair play, sticks up to Miss Smith all the day, until we was run down by a tremenjus foreign hiron steamclad. Mr. Athol jumps into the water an' saves Miss Smith, who was a drownin'. Then he takes lodgin's for her in the name o' the forewoman, Miss Camoy—which she is a noosance to me, having thrown her 'art at me, your graceship, an' follows me about—"

"Confine yourself, man, to the young woman Smith," interrupted the duke, peremptorily. "Mr. Gordon Athol, it seems, has taken apartments for the girl, and has induced the forewoman to lend herself to this *liaison*."

"'Lee-a-zung,' what's that?" asked Fisell, perplexed.

The duke frowned, and said, with a stern coldness—

"I think I understand this affair—it is unpleasant. I will mention it to Mr. Athol. He will give up the idle fancy at a word from me. Good-morning."

"I hain't done yet," objected Fisell, anxiously, "and please don't let your grace-ship lay under a fatal herror. Mr. Athol is over head an' ears in love with Miss Smith. He not only offered her his 'art but his 'and. He wants to and means to make her Mrs. Athol if she'll have him, an', of course, she will if she can. She won't lose such a chance of being made a lady of—not likely. So he'll bring her 'ome, sewing-machine and all, and interdoose her to all the young duchesses, his sisters, and their friends as his wife, which a pretty wife for him, an' she only a work-gal."

The duke reddened, and glanced furiously at Fisell, as if he would smite him to the earth.

"I do not credit it!" he exclaimed, his lips trembling with rage.

"But I heerd him make her the orfer, and beg an' pray of her to 'ave him. I saw him ketch her in his arms, an' squeeze her to his breast because she said 'Yes!'"

The duke turned livid.

"I saw it all, an' my 'art bu'stin' all the while," pursued Fisell; "so, unless your graceship looks pretty sharp, and puts your spoke in to prevent 'em, they'll be married right off."

The duke by sheer breeding only restrained a burst of fury. He saw that the fool before him had no idea that he was heaping insult on insult on him, for the bare supposition that his son Gordon would give his name to a common work-girl was an outrage on all the traditions of his family. Yet there was enough in what this man revealed to make him deem it prudent to inquire into the subject, and put a stop to a connection which might assume the form of a scandal.

"Where does this young person named Smith live?" he demanded, coldly, for he would not for much have betrayed what he really felt.

Fisell fumbled in his pocket, and produced a letter with a superscription on it.

"It's a few lines I've written her to upbraid her on the 'ardness of her 'art," he said, in a lachrymose tone, as he handed it to the duke. "And even now I'll 'ave her—I'll make her Mrs. Fisell, mistress of my 'ome and 'arth, if she'll have me."

The duke drew a deep breath, and almost with a sigh of relief he mused, as he wrote down the address—

"This ass is in love with the girl, and is jealous of her. I understand the whole thing better now."

Bending a more gracious look on Fisell, he said, somewhat affably—

"I think I comprehend the situation. I will see this girl and put an end to the impropriety that has sprung up. You say that you have a fancy for her too."

"Fancy!" echoed Fisell, wildly. "It's de-straction—it's adder-ation—it's—"

"Ah!" interposed his grace, smiling, "I see your position. I will advocate your cause, and give the girl something for a dowry if she accepts you. Good-morning."

"But," objected Fisell, determined to push the favorable situation yet farther to his advantage, "I 'av'n't quite done yet. I wish to observe—"

But the duke had rung the bell sharply, and the gray suit entered the room with promptitude.

"Show this person out," he said, in a commanding tone, and turning, made his way to another room.

Before Fisell could recover his equilibrium he found himself in the open air in Whitehall-gardens. He passed his hand over his aching brow and moistened his parched lips.

"I've let him 'ave it 'ot, I think," he muttered, with a lugubrious, vacant laugh, and with a quick step took his way back to business, feeling, however, like Hiawatha, for "his heart was hot within him, like living coal his heart was."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

The discomfiture and disaster of Mr. Fisell by Lydia did not apparently have any immediate effect on her position. He did not reappear, nor did he send even a business message to her, although work came regularly for her from the house, and was sent for with the greatest regularity.

Yet she could tell it was so arranged by some secret influence that her instinctive innate pride, which she had never been able to banish, was not in any manner disturbed. Indeed, her situation became, as it were, of a sudden more tranquil, pleasant and hopeful than it had been since her school-days in America.

She was contented, too, because the produce of her labor, liberally paid, rendered her, it seemed, independent of the world, and although she could not keep quite down her fears in that respect, she was not intruded upon by any one.

No tidings of Mamma Smith came to agitate her and make her fear the sickening trials of a pinched poverty in the future, and she grew quite bold in looking over her window-blind into the street, for not one of her timid glances had ever disclosed to her the deep dark eyes of General Dysart, his sister, or Lollie's aunt, Tracy.

Lollie only paid her short visits late in the evening, and during her brief stay rattled on apace with her glib tongue, so that Lydia was perforce bound to listen without being able to squeeze in more than a monosyllable or two.

Lollie looked so well, so bright, so happy that it was quite a pleasure to Lydia to sit and watch her animated features, her sparkling eyes, and to listen to her rich, ringing laugh.

Lollie had nothing but good news to tell. Miss Camoy had been summarily and peremptorily dismissed, and she had been appointed forewoman in her place. So she was occupied and worried a little from morning till night with her arduous and responsible duties. But then young Mr. Templeton—he was such a dear, good fellow—he often glided into the work-room when he had a chance, and always helped to get her out of a difficulty if she fell into one.

Lydia noticed that when speaking of this young gentleman Lollie would occasionally close her eyes, purse up her mouth, and compress her hands, as young ladies sometimes do when they enlarge upon a ball-dress which is the perfection of taste and cost. She noticed, too, that Lollie showed a little affectation in this matter, as if she had got a secret on this head which she yearned to tell, but which some stronger consideration compelled her to keep unspoken, although it peeped out of her eyes, struggled about her lips and teeth, tickling her tongue and palate until it had all but oozed forth. Sometimes Lydia felt two or three times disposed to revert to it, because she guessed what it was, and she felt it a duty to give her some warning hints; but as if divining her intention, Lollie would change the subject to Mr. Athol, and speak of him in such eulogistic terms, that Lydia felt compelled to remain silent if she did not feel reproved.

For had she not her secret, too, and what could she say to Lollie by way of caution which would not apply to herself?

And then, too, she had notes from Mr. Athol—she found herself thinking of him as Gordon now; at first they were almost formal, and very respectful, but they quickly warmed up until they became very ardent.

He had not succeeded, he told her, in obtaining any clue to Mrs. Smith, born Anne Marchmont, though he hourly expected to do so, and he had ascertained that General Dysart had left London for a time, it was not known where, but on his return he should know how to fall in with him, and effectually to end all further annoyance from him. The major part of his letters were, however, repetitions of his feelings of pure and unalterable affection for her, his certainty that all obstacles to their union would be cleared away, and though he had found her only queen of a work-room, it would not be long before he made her queen of a sphere in which she would reign supreme, and to which he was sure she rightfully belonged; but, under any circumstances, she had been from their first interview, was now, and would remain so, queen of his heart—"EVER MY QUEEN!" he added, with several dashes under the three words.

It is scarcely possible to convey in words the immeasurable happiness which these communications, written in a beautiful hand, and upon lovely paper, which cast forth the odors of a thousand flowers when she opened them—and being certain that no mortal eye could see her, kissed them—gave to her. It was a bliss before unknown to her—an intensity of felicity which could never be forgotten or diminished, come what might after it.

They rather interfered with her labors, these notes; they were read and thought over so much, thought over and re-read, and after every perusal she would murmur to herself, her eyes suffused with tears—

"Heaven grant that I may prove to be worthy of him! My name is not Lydia, but Etheline. I live in hope! Lord, hear me, I live in hope! I live in hope!"

And one day, it seemed as in answer to this aspiration, her chamber-door suddenly opened, and her landlady said—

"If you please, miss, a gentleman wants to speak with you—quite a gentleman, I'm sure, miss."

Lydia rose up from her machine abruptly, for behind the woman's shoulder she perceived the form of a man. Her heart leaped to her mouth; she instantly imagined that the stranger must be General Dysart, whose influence over her was so mysterious and so irresistible.

A second glance showed her that she was mistaken; that the new-comer was a stranger, although his features were not exactly unknown to her, and that he was elderly, with white hair and mustache.

Without waiting for her assent to receive him, the gentleman passed the landlady, and turning to her placed a piece of gold in her hand, saying—

"I have some business of very grave importance to arrange with this young lady; be kind enough to leave us together for a short time."

The old woman received the piece of gold with avidity, dropped a curtsy, and, without waiting for the sanction of Lydia, disappeared.

It was an embarrassing moment for the latter when they were left alone, for she saw that he was examining her face and figure with a grave, anxious scrutiny, and, to her great surprise, he reddened and then grew pale, as he murmured—

"This is a far more serious matter than I had apprehended."

Bending rather rather low to her, he said, in a tone which she intuitively recognized as that of one whose birth entitled him to move in an elevated sphere—,

"I have the privilege of speaking to Miss Smith, I believe."

Her heart and mind rebelled against this assumption, but a swift reflection told her she had no other course before her than tacitly to assent.

"I beg you will resume your seat," he proceeded, taking himself a chair, and placing it near to her.

She obeyed, for a sudden thought flashed through her mind, and a dark cloud seemed to have gathered up and hovered over her.

As he placed himself upon the chair, he said, with an earnestness which was evidently quite unaffected—

"I must request you to believe, Miss Smith, that in addressing any question to you I am not moved by a prying curiosity, or by any feeling allied at all to inquisitiveness—that I am, in fact, only induced to interrogate you by considerations of a very grave kind, serious in their import to you—and to another."

She made a slight assenting movement of her head, but without raising her downcast eyes, though instinctively she felt that a heavy blow was impending.

"You are, I believe, the daughter of a person named Smith," he continued, "who, being informed you were drowned in a steamboat accident, has, it is supposed, quitted the country."

She was powerless to articulate a word; yet if she had been able she could not have entered into a discussion on the point with him.

"You are, therefore," he went on to say, "as I understand, placed in the position of a hapless orphan, with no visible means of obtaining a livelihood but by your skill in working yonder machine."

He observed the shade of pain which passed over her fair, pale, beautiful features as he propounded his question to her, and he added, quickly—

"Pray understand that I have no wish, no intention, of distressing you by any remarks I may offer; but they are necessary to clear the ground for the discussion between us which must follow. Have I been rightly informed?"

She bowed her head slightly in acquiescence.

"Further, your employers are the firm of Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co.," he pursued.

She silently assented.

"Thus far my information is correct," he added, drawing a deep breath. "I fear I shall find the other portion of it but too true."

He paused for an instant, and then, clearing his voice, he resumed—

"The intelligence thus far communicated to me I have received from an individual named Fisell—a superintendent, or something of that kind, over the branch or department in which I understand you have so excelled as to have been elected its queen. Is that so?"

Her features in an instant were overspread with a brilliant crimson, and as quickly became divested of all color.

Without being able, or even attempting, to analyze her feelings, she was oppressed with the bitterness of humiliation—a bitterness infinitely more painfully acute as being afflicted by this stranger, than any similar emotion which she had experienced before.

She involuntarily rose, and stood before her unsummoned guest with a haughty grace, and he rose, too, looking upon her with wondering and alarmed eyes.

He was evidently very much struck and affected by the almost queenly dignity of her mien, although he believed her to be "only a work-girl."

The mention of the name of Fisell removed any thin veil of doubt from her eyes—nay, it dragged every film away with a sudden wrench. She remembered that upon receiving his rejection, he had uttered a menace, and before her she beheld one result of the vengeance he had threatened.

She raised her eyes slowly until they rested on his, and then, with a firm, unwavering, but withal a pure and ingenuous expression in them, she asked, in a low but distinct voice, the music of which also seemed to make him wince—

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"Glenlyon," he responded, with a slow and peculiar emphasis. "The name is not, I presume, unknown to you."

"You are the Duke of Glenlyon," she rejoined, in a slightly fainter tone, and with a little tremor in it.

"You are right," he returned, fastening his eyes with a searching expression on hers. "You have, of course, heard my title—perhaps a little freely—mentioned at your house of business."

"I have," she returned, making a brave effort to preserve her self-possession, but she added nothing to that assent.

"I have yet another title with which I believe you are also acquainted, Miss Smith," he added, with a similar peculiarity of expression as before, but toned with that Scotch accent which had struck her forcibly when breathed by another person.

She, however, misunderstood him, and shook her head.

"I have not that privilege," she returned.

"Um!" he ejaculated, as he gazed steadfastly at her, and passed his fingers slowly over his smooth chin, "I do not think I am mistaken; you will so acknowledge when I explain that the title I allude to is that of father of Mr. Gordon Athol, a partner in the firm of Duncan, M'Culloch, Fraser & Co.—consequently one of your employers."

She suffered her eyelids to fall at this evidently intended fresh humiliation, but she drew a deep breath, and though she suffered much, she preserved a calm and dignified exterior with more success than he cared to see.

As she did not speak he went on—

"You will now understand—although, I have no doubt, quite unprepared for it—the purport of my visit."

"Your grace will, perhaps, notwithstanding what you imagine, be pleased to state it," she answered, coldly.

He did not answer for a moment, but again and again curiously examined her face, and her form, being quite unable to conceal from himself the remarkable traces of birth and breeding which every movement, every look, every tone of her voice betrayed.

"I must nip this intimacy in the very bud," he thought; "she is far too personable. Crush it, stamp it out effectually, for I know the determined, dogged obstinacy of Gordon too well to permit it to go on for another day."

But he knew that to act the part of a tyrant father, to forbid and to threaten with disinheritance and all that sort of thing, would be more likely to precipitate matters than to arrest them. He, therefore, cleared his voice, and assuming a kind, considerate and conciliatory manner, said—

"I presumed that the mention of the name of the man Fisell to you would have given you the clue to the object with which I have sought you; but as I think I see the line of action you intend to adopt—and I confess it to be discreet—I will also employ it. It is right that we should both be explicit, and do our best to prevent the possibility of any misunderstanding taking possession of either, and remaining on our minds after I have taken my leave of you. Do I follow your wishes on this point, Miss Smith?"

She assented in silence. What reply but an affirmative could she have made?

"Then, to be frank and open with you, madam, I am assured—I may as well say with oaths and protestations—by the fellow Fisell, that an intimacy has sprung up between you and my son, Gordon Athol, and that he has removed you from your former residence, and placed you here under certain arrangements."

The features of Lydia flushed only too brightly scarlet, and though she strove she could not suppress glittering tears from suffusing her eyelids.

"My lord duke," she exclaimed, with a quivering lip, "these apartments were provided for me by the mother of the only female friend I have, and she was formerly an acquaintance of my mamma. I may be only a work-girl, but I earn all the funds I require, and I am not dependent on the eleemosynary—nay, kindness—of any living being. Allow me to remind you that noble birth implies the feelings and conduct of a gentleman, and though, as I repeat, only a work-girl, I trust that you will not attempt to wound, to insult me, by intimations of which I am undeserving, and which would be unbecoming in you."

"I bow to your rebuke," he responded, swallowing a sudden rising in his throat, "and I am well content that we should take high ground. To come, then, to the point. My son, Gordon Athol, smitten by your attractions, which I acknowledge are of no common order, has made a declaration of love to you, has he not? Pray be open and truthful with me—it will be the better for all parties."

"Mr. Athol has so honored me," returned Lydia, resuming the carriage which had before startled and, it may be said, dismayed him.

"Do you know to what that declaration points?" he asked, a little huskily.

"Mr. Athol is a high-principled gentleman," she returned, haughtily.

"And would not stoop to offend your susceptibilities by a less offer than marriage?" he rejoined, sarcastically.

"Mr. Athol has offered me his hand in marriage," returned Lydia, almost fiercely, and with burning cheeks.

"Mr. Athol is my son—the possible heir to a dukedom—though the event may be distant. He has the blood of a hundred descents in his veins—he has a thousand reasons for not leaping into such a gulf—and—and, but that you confirm a statement which has been already made to me, I could not credit its possibility."

She assumed a haughtier carriage than ever.

"Has it occurred to your grace to question Mr. Athol on this subject?" she almost demanded.

"It has!" he responded, with a stronger Scotch accent than ever; "but pardon me if I say that I have been until now unable to credit my ears or my senses. I thought it would be my duty to investigate the story before I insulted Mr. Athol by even suggesting it to him."

"Insulted him!" she exclaimed, with a passionate burst of wounded pride.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Pardon me madam, the utterance of some hard truths, but when I am aware that the hands of the highest dames in the land are awaiting his seeking—that even that of a princess royal of England might not be withheld from him—I may be pardoned if I am careful of asking whether he has stooped so low as to sue for the hand of one who is—only a work-girl."

Lydia did not faint at this deeper humiliation of her pride, nor did she turn pale or stagger back a weeping monument of tears; on the contrary, her eyes flashed, her lips compressed, and she tightened her hands until she almost embedded her nails in the flesh.

"Pardon me in my turn, my lord duke," she exclaimed, in a clear, resolute voice, "if I remind you that being only a work-girl does not entitle you to insult me by such observations. Think what you will. I have the right, at least, to command your respect, and it is painful to me to remind you that it is derogatory to you to forget your position."

"Eh! but I wonder more and more," he muttered, as he gazed upon her erect form and the proud elevation of her head.

He made a slight gesture with his hand.

"Well," he observed, "we will say no more respecting difference of position, but will keep to the hard facts. You tell me that Mr. Athol has offered you his hand."

"I have said so," she replied, frigidly.

"And you have accepted him?" he rejoined, spreading out both his hands, and lowering his head very suggestively.

"No!" she replied, with an emphasis which startled him, made him recede a pace or two, and elevate his eyebrows.

"No," he repeated; and then added, with an incredulous laugh, "surely *you* have not rejected *him?*"

She turned her face to him with a half-reproachful, half-resentful expression.

"What would you have, my lord duke?" she demanded, with that carriage which had from the first moment so much surprised him. "You have all the advantages of high breeding, all the instincts, I have no doubt, of a highly-cultivated gentleman—you have sought me with a purely selfish purpose, which may possibly have somewhat obscured the more refined feelings which under ordinary circumstances would have governed any representations you might have desired to make to me. Still you are of gentle breeding, and I regret to remind you that you are wounding and distressing me by imputations you have no right to utter, whatever may be the suspicions obtaining in your mind."

He bent his form rather demonstratively, as if he were bowing to majesty itself.

"I admit your reproof," he exclaimed, in a somewhat altered tone, "and in being regardful of my own feelings in this painful matter I will be considerate of yours, and pursuing this course, I will at once change my ground, and adopt another line of action. I request you, therefore, to answer my last question as briefly as you please—if it be only by a monosyllable. You have asserted that you have not accepted the offer of marriage made by my son—have you rejected it?"

"There are considerations, my lord," she commenced, but he promptly interrupted her.

"I ask only for an answer to my question," he said, with a wave of his hand, as if he would listen to nothing but a decided negative or affirmative.

She recoiled and became frigid as ice, and as determined as himself.

"I have not, my lord," she answered, distinctly and firmly.

"I thank you," he replied, with an inspiration of the breath, as if preparing himself for a resolute expression of his views. "I think I can now clearly understand the situation, and will express myself as clearly as I can. When I have concluded, without troubling you for an observation, I will relieve you of my presence."

He took another breath, cleared his throat, and gazing steadfastly and imperiously at her, he resumed—

"My son, Mr. Gordon Athol, although he has attained his majority, is a mere boy in feeling and sentiment. He is highly romantic, and possesses some ridiculous notions in reference to human equality, which time will certainly cure. Knowing, however, his weak points, it is my duty to watch over him, to guide him in his course, and to see that the process of curing him of absurd Utopian notions—principles they are not—does not bring with it a later sacrificial repentance. He is of a highly susceptible nature, and at an age when the attractions of a young person of your sex would be likely for a term to obtain a controlling influence over him—rendering him deaf to the voice of reason, and blind to the consequences of imprudence. He is, as you are aware, of high lineage, and although considerations which are beside the matter under discussion induced him to enter into the lower sphere of trade for a time—it is only for a time, for there is a high and noble career—I might almost justly say a princely career—before him, which the preposterous union he has meditated, and he has so grievously erred in proceeding thus far with, will utterly blight and destroy.

"Now, madam, let me offer these propositions for your contemplation. You are young, beautiful, and in appearance and bearing so unlike what I had expected to find you, that my anger at his insane folly is sensibly mitigated, my wonder at his infatuation is materially lessened, and it is that fact which gives me a ray of hope. He is young, well-formed, elegant, handsome, and of gentle manners, to say nothing of his centuries of descent. A young lady in your condition would be very naturally dazzled by his offer—such an offer; but also, you would be moved to love him—love him, I will frankly concede, for himself alone. I will not ask you if you do—I will not extort that confession from you; but I must—I do assume it. Well, if you love him, would you, for the sake of that selfish emotion, see all his brilliant prospects utterly ruined? He has a high, a splendid career before him. If you truly love him, it would be a source of joyous, gratified pride to you to see him elevated to the highest rank to which a subject can be raised; but is your love of so low, grovelling, purely selfish animal nature, that it will urge you to drag him down to the depths of a miserable penury? He has no income but what he derives from me. If he becomes your husband, I will wipe his name out of the firm to which he belongs; I will disinherit, discard him—forget that I ever had a son named Gordon Athol. In this determination I am inflexible, and as you act I shall know how to estimate the purity or the worthlessness of the love you affect to entertain for him."

He bowed grandly to her, and without waiting for a word in reply, he departed with a stately step from the room.

Blinded by hot, scalding tears, gasping with a paroxysm of hysterical sobbing, she tottered, half-fainting, to a chair.

And in this ebullition of emotion there droned through her brain, like the notes of a soughing wind—

"I live in hope! Lord hear me! I live in hope!"

She uttered a wild, agonized cry; she pressed her hands upon her ears; she fell upon her knees, and cowered to the ground, moaning, in bitter, despairing anguish—

"No, no, no! I hope no more; hope is not for me; I abandon hope!"

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 35.)

KILLED BY FRIGHT.

[From the Philada. Public Ledger.]

Having received within the present week three letters relating to alleged deaths from "hydrophobia," we infer that an unusual "state of mind" on that subject must be prevailing in some quarters. It is very much to be regretted that people insist on distressing themselves with their fancies about a disease concerning which so much is said on such slight foundation in fact. Yet the irrational fear of hydrophobia is widespread, and it is this aspect of the case that has to be dealt with. The prevalence of the fear among the relatives and friends of those who have had the misfortune to be nipped or bitten by a dog, reacting on the natural apprehension of the victim of the bite, produces a mischievous effect on the nerves and imagination of the sufferer, which eventually takes on the form of "hydrophobia."

Nothing in physiology has been more thoroughly demonstrated than the influence of the mind upon the body; the influence of the imagination in causing the simulation of disease; the influence of mental emotion in causing dangerous illness and death. Instances in which the hair has been turned gray and even white within a few hours by sudden shock or great bodily fear might be adduced by the score. Dr. D. H. Tuke, in his little work on that subject, relates an abundance of them. These are all physical effects from purely mental causes. Death itself has been caused by sudden fright, and it is said that the overpowering effect of great and sudden joy is nearly as fatal. The illustrious Pope Leo X. is said to have died from this last-named cause. There is a case mentioned in the books wherein a criminal, who was condemned to be bled to death, was handed over to the doctors for scientific experiment. He was blindfolded and laid upon a table; small cuts were made in his arms, and streams of warm fluid were set to running over his flesh, near the harmless cuts. The man gradually sank away into death. He had not lost ten drops of blood, but believing that he was being bled to death, and imagining the life-current rapidly flowing from his two arms—he died.

To come back to "hydrophobia," and the influence of the imagination in producing simulations of that disease, there is a case exactly in point. Dr. Chomel, a physician of Lyons, France, who had been aiding in the dissection of several bodies alleged to have been victims of the dreaded disease, fancied that he had become inoculated with it. So much did he think of it, and so much was his imagination affected by it, that on attempting to drink water he was seized with spasms. This continued for several days, and, indeed, until the persevering arguments of his friends convinced him of the groundless character of his fears, when he conquered his imagination and banished hydrophobia by resolving that he did not have it.

Dr. Rush, of our own city, has recorded instances of the power of the imagination in causing the appearance of disease, and of at least one case of what may be denominated "spontaneous" hydrophobia. Quite recently three cases of the disease have been reported in Baltimore, but it is not certain whether even one of these is an authentic case. All three persons were bitten by the same dog. One of them became alarmingly ill, and died of what one doctor said was hydrophobia, and another said was *mania a-potu*. Whilst this one was very ill, one of his bitten companions called to see him, and went away in a state of alarm about himself, and not long after died with the usual popular symptoms of hydrophobia. Had he been reasoned with as the French doctor was, he too might have got over the fright. The third of these victims of the same dog, instead of giving way to fear, went for the doctor, and fortunately found one who was not afflicted with the "rabies" of hydrophobia, and at the last accounts he was nearly "onred."

The moral of all this is, that a most potent remedy for hydrophobia is to refuse to believe in the existence of the disease, except as a malady caused by imagination. This is the view of the matter taken by some intelligent physicians. Dr. Marx, of Gottingen (Germany), has given publicity to his opinion, that the bite of a "mad dog" does not of *itself* produce even the symptoms of hydrophobia, and if it was not for the common belief, the spasms and convulsions would not take place. He regards what is called "hydrophobia" as an affection arising from fright and morbidly excited imagination. He advises that men, women, and especially children, shall be trained into disbelief in the disease; to have no more fear of a dog-bite than of any other cut or wound; and to trust with confidence to the treatment of the doctor the same as they would for any other hurt. There are thousands of persons in Philadelphia who have been bitten by dogs, but we have yet to see the first clear indisputable case of "hydrophobia," wherein fear and imagination were not more fatal than the dog bite.

TWO KINDS OF MADNESS.

In a paper recently read before a branch meeting of the British Medical Association by Dr. E. P Philpots, who has long and carefully studied the subject, it is stated that there are two distinct forms of canine madness, the one true hydrophobia, very rare and readily communicable to man; the other, distemper madness, more frequent, but absolutely non-communicable. "A person bitten by a hydrophobic dog is more or less certain of contagion, and as sure as the disease is contracted either by man or by dog so sure must death ensue from it. With regard to distemper madness the case is quite different. A person bitten by a dog that has this disease suffers only from the local effects of the bite, which effects are, of course, in proportion to the severity of the bite, or simply lacerated wounds, as it may be termed; the dog also, as a rule, recovers.

"The hydrophobic dog is a sullen animal, merely appears 'a little out of humor,' and is only actually mad on the approach of water; but in distemper madness the animal really is mad in every sense of the word. He bites and gnaws and snaps, and chews anything that he thinks will cause him to vomit. The hydrophobic dog has no fits (except on the approach of water) and he does not foam at the mouth, but with the dog mad with distemper there is a succession of fits, one of which may end his life; his saliva, some of it of a frothy nature (foam) dribbles and exudes from his mouth, and water sprinkled over him has no effect upon him. The hydrophobic dog hates the sound, the sight, the thought of water; he will fly from it madly; but the dog mad with distemper rushes to it to assuage his thirst, but this he cannot do, as spasm of the œsophagus will not allow his swallowing. The hydrophobic dog's eyes are 'flaby,' dull and sullen-looking; the dog ill of distemper madness has bright green and savage-looking eyes, and he howls and barks. Dogs never recover from hydrophobia, but they do from distemper madness, if the fits be not severe. Vaccination does not prevent hydrophobia, but it does distemper madness."

This serves to explain the wonderful discrepancy between the number of rabid dogs constantly reported to be raging throughout all parts of the country and the extreme rarity of the malady in human subjects—a rarity so marked that very few physicians even of the largest experience have ever seen an undoubted instance. It explains, moreover, the alleged miraculous efficacy of "mad-stones" and other popular remedies in curing persons who have frightened themselves into convulsions from the bite of a dog presenting all the symptoms commonly attributed to genuine hydrophobia. The effect of intensely hot weather in aggravating distemper to its worst stage accounts for the greater frequency of the non-contagious malady in summer. The author's conclusions are based not only upon his own observations, but upon those of the well-known naturalist Grantley Berkeley, embracing many hundreds of cases of disease in dogs. To the latter gentleman, also, chief credit is awarded for proving that vaccination (which is performed by ordinary vaccine lymph, as in the human subject) "produces perfect immunity both from distemper as a simple malaise, and from distemper in its more aggravated form of distemper madness."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The Mammoth Cave is for sale—price, half a million.

☞ California looks with amazement at a red-headed Chinaman.

☞ A Mississippi editor threatens to put a man's nose in a parenthesis.

☞ An orphan, under age, married his female guardian in Illinois the other day, and was compelled to get her written consent to his marriage before the wedding could take place.

☞ A young man twenty years old, a citizen of Augusta, hung himself the other day because his coat wrinkled in the back.

☞ A seeker after a rural retreat for his family for the summer, advertises for a place "where there are no good-looking girls within twenty miles, on account of subscriber's oldest son."

☞ A Mrs. Hattie Davenport, of Albion, Erie county, became impressed with the idea that she was about to die, and soon after, on Sunday, her presentiment was verified.

☞ To Drive Away Ants.—If they are married ants, borrow some money of their husbands. If they are single, let 'em take care of the baby for the afternoon, while your wife goes to a matinee.

☞ The beard of a dead man, who was clean shaved at the time of his burial, six years ago, in San Francisco, was found to be eighteen inches long, says the Chronicle, when his coffin was opened a few weeks ago.

☞ Before falling eight feet upon a pile of stones, always take a reef in your tongue. If Mr. Seiler, of Louisville, had taken this simple precaution, he would not have bitten off that useful member.

☞ An Irishman, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who was told that his employer's store had burned down, exclaimed, "Well, I can't see how that can be, when I have the key in my pocket."

☞ A Maine Court has lately decided that a railroad ticket is good for six years if not used before the expiration of that time.

☞ One of our startling tombstones was erected to the memory of "Tabitha, beloved wife of Joseph Wright, Thomas Andrews, Eben Halstead, Charles Dean and Edwin Murray, by her devoted husband Cyrus Morgan."

☞ A recently arrived German girl drowned herself in a cistern at Cincinnati, because she was homesick.

☞ The uniform of the Persian Shah is covered with diamonds and other precious stones, to the value of 2,000,000 roubles.

☞ "Elegant simplicity" receives a fresh illustration in the case of the Cincinnati school miss who, wishing to discourage extravagance of dress among her poorer schoolmates, appeared at her school exhibition in a calico garment, the trimmings of which cost $100.

☞ Louisville has had a case of genuine broken heart. Two twin brothers, who were always together, and were noted for their devotion to each other, were recently separated by death. The survivor became subject to fainting fits, showed symptoms of mental aberration and delirium, and soon died. Upon a post-mortem examination it was discovered that the ascending vena cava was broken, and the sac surrounding the heart was full of blood.

☞ A London mendicant took occasion to poke the eyes out of a lady who refused him alms. He ought to have a new trial or something.

☞ An English jury assessed the value of a mouthful taken out of a man's leg by a dog, at two hundred and fifty dollars.

☞ The force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milkman, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

☞ Calvin Gore, of Jessup Station, Parke county, Ind., shot himself dead to avoid testifying in a case where his evidence would ruin some of his friends.

☞ A Vicksburg young man accepted seventy-five cents for saving the life of a handsome heiress, and at last accounts hadn't dashed the money at her father's feet.

☞ A game of base-ball in Cranston, Iowa, was interrupted the other day in a singular manner. A cow caught the ball on its bounding way and swallowed it.

☞ A Greensburg, Ind., dog found a wallet in the street, that contained $830, and took it home to his master.

☞ The West Chester (Penna.) Local News says, "This morning we were shown a will written upon a slate, which circumstance is probably the first and only case of the kind in the country. The instrument of bequest bears date May 9, 1863, and is the will of Phœbe Ann Woodward, late of Kennet Square. The slate is a new one, and upon the frame are the letters 'P. A. W.' in ink, they being the initials of the deceased's name. This curious and novel writing was found by her friends, after her decease, a few weeks since, in a chest under lock and key, and safely ensconced in a pasteboard box. Register Evans has decided to admit it to probate, after which it is supposed its legality will be tested in the Register's Court. John J. Pinkerton is the counsel for the will, and by whom the rather eccentric writing was shown us. Mr. P. states that this will be the first 'slate will' to be found on any records of which knowledge is now to be gained. Upon its receipt in the register's office, it will be provided with a wooden box, in which it will be filed for keeping under lock and key."

☞ Mrs. Hall, wife of the late Captain Hall, of the Polaris, is at Washington, and had an interview some time since with Secretary Robeson. It is understood the Secretary will recommend that Congress vote her a pension. She is said to be penniless, with several small children to support.

☞ Wm. Glaspel, of Dutch Neck, New Jersey, owns a sheep which seems to possess a greater propelling power in its hind parts than before. In running the hinder part invariably outruns the fore part of the animal, which makes it necessary for it to turn around every few feet when running rapidly. The sheep has never been injured in any way, but from its birth the tail of the animal has shown a determination to keep even with the head when on a run.

☞ A man who had his new hat exchanged for an old one, in a barber's shop, advertises that unless it is returned, he will forward to the wife of the person who took it the letter found concealed in the lining of the old one.

☞ A Georgia judge married a runaway couple from Alabama, the other day, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the groom whispered—"Judge, be as light as you can; I haven't much money; and am far from home."

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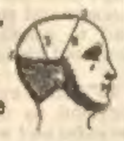

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BY MAX ADELER.

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—Housekeepers will be surprised to learn that their custom of sending in to a neighbor to borrow a little butter or sugar or other article of diet, is quite common among the savages of Fiji. When a lady in Fiji has some friends to dinner unexpectedly, she goes over to the woman across the way and says: "Yak-yak and his family have just dropped in to dine, and I haven't a thing in the house. How do you think your hired girl would work up into a stew? Can I borrow her for a few days?" Then she seizes that domestic by the hair, and drags her over, chops her up with parsley, and carrots, and celery-tops and cloves, and lets her simmer over the fire. Or may be the other woman sends over and says, "I'm entirely out of meat; can you lend me your little William Henry for hash, or your Mary Jane for a pie?" And over goes William Henry and Mary Jane, and they are stuck with a fork and basted and put on to cook gently; and the debt is paid off the next week by the borrower sending back her aunt, already boiled and suitable for cutting down cold for tea, or one of her twins corned so as to make a nice lunch. Sometimes a woman in this manner will work off a couple of her mothers-in-law or a rich uncle or a plump second cousin, and then she will sit at her window and sniff them as they are cooking in the kitchen next door, or watch one of the company in the dining-room nibbling at the elbow of her late hired girl. The custom seems to us an excellent one, particularly when it is applied to hired girls. We have had girls whom we would have loaned to a neighbor at any time under a solemn promise that they should be butchered and boiled as quickly as possible.

—We have heard from our old ally, Professor Plantamour, again. Last year he prophesied that we were to be burned up. Since then he has changed his mind. Now he declares, in a paper just published in Paris, that everybody in the world will be frozen to death in the year 2011. We are glad to have the date accurately fixed, for we shall arrange for our life insurance policy to expire in the year 2010. The first news of the freeze will appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* for January 1st, 2011, and we shall offer as a premium to clubs that year an all-wool overcoat four feet thick, with an air-tight stove in each breast pocket, a gas-heater in the tail, and an open-grate arrangement at the collar. The getter-up of two clubs will have a pair of skates and a double-breasted pink undershirt thrown in. Persons who wish to compete for these prizes can send their subscriptions in now from this year to 2011, in order to make the thing certain. No paper shall beat us, if we have to get up a corner in double-breasted undershirts and create a panic in the market.

—When Hopkins was organist at St. Abednego's church, he gave a concert for the benefit of the Sunday-school. Hopkins would fib sometimes, and he had told some of his brother organists that he had a *vox humana* stop in his organ. As several of them were coming around to the concert, Hopkins determined to prevent them from detecting the deception. So he engaged a friend of his who sang tenor down at the negro minstrels to come up and get into the organ-case and sing. It was arranged that Hopkins was to give a certain signal and that the minstrel was to tune up and warble an air, while Hopkins went through the motions on the keys. When the concert came off, the scheme worked splendidly. Everybody exclaimed, "How beautiful!" "Elegant, isn't it?" "Sounds exactly like a human voice." Then there was an *encore*, and another air was sung. Right in the middle of it the *vox humana* stopped suddenly. Then it was heard swearing and using the most dreadful language inside the organ. Then it yelled for help, and Hopkins dashed around to the rear to ascertain what was the matter. He found that his man had been standing on the bellows, and that the blower objected to the extra weight, and finally began a combat with Hopkins's friend. And now the bellows blower had the *vox humana* stop down on the floor inside the organ, and he was nibbling at a *vox humana's* nose and rolling him around against the pipes and among the machinery in a manner that threatened general demoralization to the machine. And the more the combat deepened the louder the *vox humana* stop howled. They were separated by the wardens, and the concert proceeded in a minor and melancholy key. But the next day they discharged Hopkins from St. Abednego's, and now he wishes the bellows-man had murdered the minstrel on the spot.

—This is the season of the year when picnics are most frequent. For real solid enjoyment we, for our part, much prefer a well-conducted funeral to an ordinary picnic. You generally reach the grounds about eleven o'clock, and the exercises begin with climbing a hill, up which you are compelled to carry two heavy lunch-baskets. When you reach the summit you are positively certain the thermometer must be nearly six hundred and fifty in the shade. You throw yourself on the grass, and in a few moments a brigade of black ants begin to crawl down the back of your neck, while a phalanx of ticks charge up your trouser leg. And just as you jump up, your oldest boy, who has been out in the woods, where he stirred up a yellow-jacket's nest, comes in with his head and face swelled to the size of a water bucket; conveying the information that your other boy, William Henry, is up a tree and can't get down. After laboring to release William Henry the thermometer seems to have gone up two hundred more degrees, and you think you will take a swim in the creek. While you are in the water, young Jones strolls out with Miss Smith, and unconscious of your presence they sit down close to your clothes, and engage in conversation for three-quarters of an hour, while you lie down in the shallow stream, afraid to budge and nearly killed with the hot sun. When they leave, you emerge and find that some wicked boy from the neighboring village has run off with your shirt and socks. You fix up as well as you can, and when you get back with the party they are eating dinner from a cloth laid on the ground. A spider is spinning a cob-web from the pickle-jar to the little end of the cold ham; straddle-bugs are frolicking around over the pound-cake, caterpillars are exploring the bread-plate, grasshoppers are jumping into the butter, where they stick fast, the bees are so thick around the sugar-bowl that you are afraid to go near it, and there are enough ants in the pie to walk completely off with it. You take a seat however, determined to try to eat something, but you get up suddenly—all at once as it were, for you have sat down on a briar. Then William Henry, who has quaffed an unreasonable quantity of lemonade, gets the colic, and his mother goes into hysterics because she thinks he is poisoned with poke-berries. You lay him under an umbrella, and proceed to climb a tree in order to fix a swing for the girls. After skinning your hands, tearing your trousers and ruining your coat, you get to the top, tie the rope and undertake to come down on it. You do come down, with velocity, and your fingers are rubbed entirely raw. Just then it begins to rain furiously, and the whole party stampedes to the depot for shelter. When the shower slackens you go back to the ground to get the rope, and just as you get up in the tree the owner of the place comes along with a gun and a dog, and threatens to blow your brains out and eat you up if you don't leave immediately. Then you come down again with celerity, and get over the fence as if you were in earnest. Going home in the train all the passengers regard you, from your appearance, as an escaped convict, or a lunatic who has broken from his keepers; and when you reach your home you plunge into a shirt, cover your hands with court-plaster, and register a solemn vow never to go on another picnic. And we are with you; we never will either.

—Our readers will be deeply interested in the fact, asserted by a writer in the *Science Gossip*, that "diatoms and foraminifera are readily mounted for the microscope by applying a drop of camphene to the slide." Those of us who have diatoms and foraminifera lying about the house or in our pockets or up the trees, will perceive how valuable this intelligence is in case we want to mount one. We do not profess to know what a foraminiferous is. It may be some new kind of a potato, or an improved variety of short-horn cattle, or a species of gingerbread, or a kind of summer undershirt, or a recent invention in the way of measles or toothpicks or martingales. But whatever it is, from a mother-in-law to a bunch of asparagus, you can look at it with a microscope by putting camphene on the slide. The debt we owe to these scientific persons for giving us this important information, and to the newspapers for spreading it, can never be fully paid, but any one who feels that it is his sacred duty to try to pay it may remit to us direct to this office. We think we can lay our hand on a worthy man who has no conscientious scruples against spending money that comes in this form.

—Butcher, when we knew him, was coroner up in Williamsport. Business that winter was dreadfully dull. Nobody died suddenly, or was drowned or murdered, and Butcher not only had nothing to do, but he made no fees and was as poor as Walt Whitman's poetry. Suddenly a mania for committing suicide by poison seemed to break out among the people. Mrs. Brown fed herself with strychnine; both the Smith girls stuffed themselves with arsenic; Aleck Jones took a dose of laudanum; Johnson's colored girl swallowed some bug-poison, and Mrs. Murphy's little son ate four boxes of phosphorus matches. These events occurred at intervals of a few days, and in each case, no sooner were the facts discovered than Dr. Bumm was at once on hand with his stomach-pump. He emptied Mrs. Brown all of a sudden; he pumped out the Smith girls; he tore the laudanum out of Jones; he separated the poison from the colored girl, and he nearly turned Mrs. Murphy's boy wrong side out. All of them recovered. The coroner viewed these proceedings with regret. He went to Bumm and suggested that he would give one hundred dollars if the doctor would close out his pump, and fifty more if he would go out of town for three or four weeks. The coroner said he didn't want to seem importunate or intrusive, but he was tired of having doctors meddle with his business. Then Dr. Bumm affirmed that he would not only not sell, and *not* leave town, but when the next poisoning case occurred he would buy a steam-engine, attach it to the machine and pump the patient throughout the unending ages of eternity if he wanted to. That night Butcher bribed the doctor's boy to bring him the pump for a few moments. Then he rubbed some nitro-glycerine around the end of the piston and sent it back. The next day Mary Jane McGuire took oxalic acid. The doctor came, he inserted the apparatus in her throat and plunged the piston down. A snap, a shriek, a loud explosion, and Mary Jane, oh! where was she? Forty-seven pieces of her were found and they picked up twelve fragments of the doctor, so the coroner had a chance for fifty-nine inquests, the fees of which enabled him to buy a barrel of flour, have his wagon fixed and give his wife a pink-silk dress. He was the most enterprising coroner they ever had in Williamsport.

—An old Mormon friend of ours, Binns, who had been married thirty-seven times, and who had buried all his wives, called the other day upon a spiritual medium, and in the course of the interview said if the spirit of Mrs. Binns was near, he would like to hear from her. Immediately a succession of knocks was heard upon the table like a volley of musketry; then a chair flew up and whacked Binns on the head; a rolling-pin came pitching in from the kitchen and rapped his nose, twenty-four mysterious hands pulled him around by the hair, two others punched him in the chest with an umbrella, and the table tipped over on his leg, and rapped out on his shin in the spirit language that he was a brute and a monster who would certainly suffer punishment for his life-long hatred of house-cleaning and his scandalous treatment of his mothers-in-law. When the medium picked Binns up, she asked him if he was convinced. He said he was. It was the same old thing; just the way they used to carry on when they were alive. Then he strolled out in a melancholy mood, tore thirty-seven strips of crape from his high hat, bought a sledge-hammer and started around to the grave-yard to smash up the tombstones which decorated his lot.

☞ THE FUTURE.—The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane; on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste; in the centre, a stagnant and lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

☞ GOOD HUMOR.—Let us cherish good humor and Christian cheerfulness. Let us endeavor to shake off that sullenness which makes us so uneasy to ourselves, and to all who are near us. Pythagoras quelled the perturbations of his mind by the use of his harp; and David's music calmed the distraction of Saul, and banished the evil spirit from him. Anger, fretfulness, and peevishness prey upon the tender fibres of our frame, and injure our health.

EMULATION.

MAUD.—"*I've had whooping-cough!*"
ETHEL.—"Oh! that's nothing—why, *I've had measles!*"
MAUD.—"Well—*I've had bronchitis!*"
ETHEL (after a pause).—"*I learn French!*" [Collapse of Maud.

BY THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

There was a tiny circular garden, filled to overflowing with pansies, geraniums and roses; a house which looked like a magnified pepper-box, completely hidden from view by masses of hop-vine, honeysuckle, and the red blossoms of some flowering bean. The noon sun poured its hot beams over everything, making the dusty leaves sparkle as if some benevolent fairy had powdered them with diamond dust.

In contrast to the outside heat and glare, Ruy Blasmont, sauntering along the shaded piazza in his spotless white linen suit, seemed a perfect miracle of coolness. He was a slim, handsome man, about thirty, with regular features and a light olive complexion. His hair and the small waxed mustache he wore vied with his eyes in intense blackness. Such eyes! they spoke when their owner's tongue was silent, and expressed whatever he intended.

He puffed lazily at a cigar, and taking his stand where the shade fell darkest, looked out on the sun-beaten road.

"Parbleu!" he muttered. "What care I for heat? Heat is my element. It is well—for doubtless I'll have enough of it some day." And he laughed sardonically. "I think I'd rather enjoy a war of wit with his Satanic Majesty." He paused an instant. "Ah! here he comes—the young farmer. What brings him at this hour?"

A young man had just rounded the corner of the nearest house, and was coming toward the Blasmont garden. A stalwart brown-faced man, with a frank, open look. He nodded slightly to Ruy Blasmont, and asked—

"Is Miss Rose at home?"

"Mademoiselle Blasmont is not at home," her brother answered, slightly raising his eyebrows and playing with his mustache, to show the large diamond that glittered on his right hand.

John Brightly hesitated. He did not believe Ruy Blasmont's assertion. He distrusted him too greatly to credit anything he might say; besides, he did not feel inclined to retrace his way through the hot fields without accomplishing the end for which he had come.

His hesitation did not last long. A petite figure, clothed in some airy fabric of pink and white, came hastily through the French window. It was Rose Blasmont.

"Oh, Mr. Brightly!" she exclaimed, smiling and offering her hand. "I thought I heard your voice."

"I understood from what your brother said that you were not at home."

"Why, he knew—" she began, but she had too much tact to continue.

"I meant," said Ruy Blasmont, with an insolent glance at John Brightly, "that my sister might not be 'at home' to this—ahem!—gentleman."

John Brightly's face flushed, but he took no other notice of the insult, for Rose laid a hand on his arm, and whispered—

"Poor Ruy isn't well. He is—what do you Americans call it?"

"Insolent," Brightly could not help saying.

"Oh, no, no! Only a little vexed—cross. Come into the parlor. It is much cooler there. Que vous êtes bon! Ces fleurs sont magnifiques!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the large cluster of water-lilies that Brightly carried in his hand.

"You forget that I don't understand French," he said, smiling for the first time, as he followed her into the parlor.

"Ah, oui! What a pity! But I am so thankful to you. I must sing at Mrs. Moreland's garden-party to-night, and these are the veritable flowers I love most to wear."

"You told me so last evening."

"And therefore you walked through the hot sun to bring them. How good of you!"

"It was not such a great sacrifice. This is my dinner-hour, you know. We farmers are extremely busy just at present, so I snatched sufficient time to pay you a visit."

"Then you will lunch with us. Excuse me for an instant, and I will prepare—"

"No, I wish to speak to you."

"Strawberries and cream. Can you resist the temptation?" she said, laughing and trying to escape. "Besides you have never tasted my sponge cake."

"Rose," he said, gravely, "give me a few moments. I have something to say to you."

Ruy Blasmont drew near the window, and arranged himself in a comfortable position for hearing all that might be said.

Rose resumed her seat, her eyes cast down, and the color varying in her face.

"I have a question to ask you, Rose. Will you be my wife?"

Ruy whispered through the lace curtain a sibilant "No."

Rose heard the word, and turned pale. To her, her brother's will was law.

"I don't know," she faltered. "I cannot tell."

The eager look on the young farmer's face gave way to disappointment. "I have been abrupt, but I thought perhaps that my actions had given you reason to expect that I might ask this question."

Rose was silent.

"You think I am too impatient. I have waited a long time for this opportunity, and it may be my last chance for months. I start for New York by the midnight train."

Rose gathered up all her courage.

"Yes, John, I promise. I will be your wife whenever you choose."

Ruy Blasmont angrily overturned the rustic chair on which he had been sitting, and entered through the window.

"Ah, mes amis," he said, coolly smiling. "I have been an involuntary listener to your conversation, and pardon me if I interrupt it, to correct a slight mistake. Monsieur Brightly, the young lady who has this instant promised to marry you, is already pledged to another—the rich proprietor, Monsieur Wills."

John Brightly looked inquiringly at Rose. Rose seemed astonished—and then her color heightened, and she cried, indignantly—

"It is false!"

"It is true. *I* have promised Monsieur Wills that you shall become his wife within the year."

"*You!*" exclaimed Rose, with a gesture of utter scorn.

"By what right?" demanded Brightly.

"By my right as the young lady's guardian and only relation."

"I deny that any such right exists," cried the young farmer, passionately. "Take care, Ruy Blasmont—take care. If you attempt to force your sister—now my promised wife—into a marriage with another, I will disclose that which will place you where your interference will be useless."

"Indeed!" sneered Blasmont; but his countenance fell.

"Good-bye, Rose," said Brightly. "Be true to me. I will return as soon as I can. As for you, sir," he continued, looking at Blasmont. "I advise you not to try to coerce Miss Blasmont. No doubt you read the papers. There has been a new forgery. Good-day."

And with another good-bye to Rose, he left the room, and walked down the garden path.

Ruy Blasmont went to his room, muttering imprecations in an undertone. Rose sat down in the parlor, lost in thought.

The Blasmonts, brother and sister, had come from France about two years previously, and taken the small cottage, not far from Moorland. Rose taught French and music in the neighboring families and in one or two boarding-schools in the town. She had made herself a general favorite; her musical education had been thorough, and her services were in demand and well remunerated. She was a pretty, true-hearted little lady, who did her duty, and tried to make everybody around her happy. She regarded her brother as a hero. He was her ideal. For him she would have worked until she died; and he would probably have made no objection. People wondered where his fast horses and champagne suppers came from. From his sister's earnings, perhaps. Some of them, but not all. He had no visible means of support. Moorland people hoped that Rose would get married soon if it were only to rid herself of that scamp, her brother.

Ruy Blasmont had been cast on the world by the death of his parents when very young. While he dissipated his fortune in Paris, his sister had remained in her convent. One day he found himself penniless. He needed somebody to support him. He accordingly withdrew Rose from the convent, and the two started for the United States.

Rose would see no flaw in the character of her immaculate Ruy, until she met John Brightly. Comparing the two men, she was forced to acknowledge that her brother was not perfect. That he was selfish and insincere she had discovered, but that he was so utterly base as to attempt to sell her to old Mr. Wills, whose offer of marriage Ruy knew that she had once refused, she could scarcely believe. And yet he had admitted it himself! Hot tears dropped from her eyes as she thought of it.

Stooping to pick up the water lilies which had fallen from her lap, she noticed an open paper on the floor. Half-idly, she picked it up and read the words written on it.

"DEAR SIR—The man who forged your name to a check for one thousand dollars has been traced. He is a near neighbor of yours—Ruy Blasmont. The proof is certain. If you decide to have the matter hushed up, come to New York at once. If you don't come, I will have him arrested without delay. THOMAS RICHARDS,
"Private Detective.
"To John Brightly, Esq."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Rose turned the note in her hand. On the back she saw written in lead pencil—

"Telegraphed to Richards—don't proceed. Will start for New York by midnight train. J. B."

Rose Blasmont paced the room, pale and tearless. She remembered now how this note had come there. The stems of the water lilies were wet when John Brightly had brought them in. He had pulled out his handkerchief to dry them, and Rose recollected that a scrap of paper, as she thought, had fallen to the floor.

"He shall not impoverish himself for my sake," she said, passionately. "He is poor already. I know it. I will prevent this sacrifice, even though I hand Ruy over to the law. I will pay him every cent—yes!" And taking a small book from her pocket, she ran her eye down a column of figures. "Yes—there is something. I can pay John Brightly part of this money my brother has stolen." A shiver ran through her as she spoke the word *stolen*. "I have my mother's jewels which Ruy so often wanted to pawn, and three hundred dollars, my savings, that I promised to give Ruy on his fête day. Yes, I will pay him every sou. He shall not remain poor even one day for my sake. I will take the jewels to-night by the midnight train to New York, and on the morrow I will meet John Brightly with the whole sum."

Rose was thoroughly aroused. She was naturally high-spirited and proud, although these qualities were seldom shown in her ordinary life. The knowledge of her brother's baseness was probably the bitterest experience that could have come to her. She felt that the hope of becoming John Brightly's wife must be given up. She would never take to him a tarnished name.

She hastily wrote a note to Mrs. Moreland, by whom she had been engaged to sing that evening, excusing herself. Then she went up to her room, and did not reappear until in the darkness she stole down to the railroad station. Rose was as impatient as she was impulsive. The few minutes of waiting in the railroad office seemed as many hours to her. With the knowledge of her brother's crimes weighing on her heart, action seemed the only thing that could give her relief. At last the midnight train started. Just as the last car left the station John Brightly appeared, running at full speed. The locomotive went on; he was left behind. He had spent all the evening in attempting a letter for Rose. So absorbed had he been in his task that he had not noticed the flight of time, and hence his lateness.

The next train would be in at 4 30. The farm was, at least, four miles from the station; so John Brightly concluded that he might as well remain where he was. He entered the little office, which, at present, was occupied by a dimly-burning oil lamp and a sleepy employé, and gave himself up to thought. He looked back on the years of work and hard struggle that he had passed, in the endeavor to buy that farm upon the hill; and when his object was almost attained—when the last instalment of the purchase-money was to be paid to the owner—Ruy Blasmont had stepped in, and, by a few strokes of his pen, swept it all away. It was very hard. "And yet *she* shall never know it," he thought. "I will save her name from disgrace if it costs all I have."

All that afternoon Ruy Blasmont had remained in his room. He wanted money, and a large amount, too. The only means of obtaining it would be to marry Rose to a rich man. Old, pompous Mr. Wills, *the* wealthy man of Moorland, was the person he had selected for Rose's husband. Rose had rejected him once, and then he applied to Ruy. Ruy had promised for Rose, never imagining that his sister would dare oppose his hitherto all-powerful will.

Ruy Blasmont had found that Rose had a will of her own. Brightly was in the way. Brightly, doubtless, knew more about the forgery than was agreeable to the forger. Brightly was a dangerous person. Brightly would leave Moorland by the midnight train. Parbleu! What can one do with a dangerous person? Ruy Blasmont showed his white teeth, and closed his eyes as if he were afraid that they would tell the evil thought showing through them. He was not aware that Rose had left the house.

Shortly before midnight he stood on the side of a steep embankment on the railroad, about two miles above Moorland. His hands were torn and bleeding. He had just succeeded in rolling a huge rock upon the track. On either side of the embankment was a narrow path. Fifty feet below on one side was the river; on the other were rugged masses of clay and rock. Running along the embankment until he reached the field to the north of it, he crouched between the fence and the trunk of a willow-tree, and awaited the coming of the train.

"Parbleu!" he muttered. "Monsieur le diable will thank me for the cargo I'll send him to-night. Bah! they'd die some time all the same." And he shrugged his shoulders.

The light of the locomotive grows larger and larger. In another moment the train will be on the embankment. It passes the field at lightning-like speed. The moon is at its full. The engineer perceives the obstruction; but it is too late. The locomotive strikes it, leaps back, crashing in the nearest car, and plunges down the embankment. There are shrieks and groans from men and women and crashing timber. The locomotive, followed by the train, plunges among the clay and rocks. At last it falls over on its side; and all who are alive pour from the cars. There are many wounded and many dead; but Ruy Blasmont does not see John Brightly. He sees another, however, and that other is his Sister Rose. With her pale, still face upturned, she lies among the rocks, near the dismantled locomotive, the light from its reflector forming a halo around her.

Ruy Blasmont kneels by her side. His face becomes rigid.

"A mistake," he says, coolly taking a revolver from the breast-pocket of his coat. "I've killed the wrong one. This time I will be sure." He points the pistol at his own head and fires. The ball passes through his brain, and he falls back—a corpse.

* * * * *

The news of the disaster travelled quickly to Moorland. John Brightly was among the first to reach the spot. He exerted himself nobly, tenderly caring for the wounded and reverently removing the dead. Approaching the spot where the locomotive lay, in search of more unfortunates, he received an impression of horror that never left him until his dying day. He saw Rose Blasmont. He staggered and almost fell.

"Rose! *my Rose!*" he gasped.

"John!" she cried, joyfully, opening her eyes. "Where am I? Is it really you, John? Then I am safe!"

She was safe and unhurt. She had only fainted.

In a dark clump of cypress trees, near the Brightly Farm, there is a marble slab. It bears the name—"Ruy Blasmont." Mr. and Mrs. Brightly have forgiven him. The remembrance of his terrible crime is the only cloud in the sunlight of their happiness.

☞ Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor, if he rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

ALICE, (Roanoke, Mo.,) writes: "I would like to ask a few questions, which you will oblige me very much by answering, even if you do think them simple. 1st. Is Henry Ward Beecher a minister? If so, of what persuasion? I have taken up an idea that he is a Presbyterian divine. Am I correct? Some differ with me. 2d. Can you tell me the meaning of the word Mizpah? also, of Usufruct? 3d. How were the persons who died with the plague, that visited London in the year 1665, affected. 4th. Were a person to soap the rails of a road, and a train coming fall speed, on level grade, how far would it run, after reaching the soap, before it would stop? 5th. Is St. Leger pronounced Lee-jer or Leg-er? Is Max Adeler pronounced Ad-e-ler, or A-de-ler?" 1st. He is a Congregationalist minister. 2d. Mizpah is the name of several places in Palestine, mentioned in the Bible. The first of these was the heap of stones set up by Jacob and Laban, on Mount Gilead, as a witness to the covenant between them, and a landmark to the boundary between their lands. The word, in its Hebraic form, signifies a watch-tower. It is supposed to have been the original name of the spot, as Jacob and Laban each gave it a different name. Usufruct means the privilege, which a person sometimes has, of using the profits or fruits of the property of others, without injuring or destroying the substance producing those profits. 3d. The plague is a severe, contagious fever, commencing with a sensation of intense weariness, nausea, shivering and other symptoms. These are followed by mental disturbance, often stupor and delirium, and a feeling of intense constriction about the heart. Then follow darting pains, swelling of the lymphatic glands, and carbuncles on various parts of the body. The power of the will over the muscles is impaired, and the patient appears as if intoxicated. About the second or third day livid patches and dark stripes appear on the skin. In fatal cases death usually occurs in five or six days. 4th. This is something that could only be told by experiment, and would depend largely on the amount and kind of soap wasted. Take our advice and do not waste your soap on such unimportant matters. 5th. Leg'-er, Ad'-e-ler, we presume, from the verb to add'e.

JOHN, (Tevy, N. H.,) asks: "How do you pronounce cerebro-spinal-meningitis? What is the motto of New Hampshire?" Cer'-e-bro sp'i-nal men'-in-ji'-tis. New Hampshire is one of the few States which have no motto. Its coat of arms is a vessel on the stocks, with wood-cutters and laborers in the foreground, but without motto.

MILLICENT, (McLeansville, N. C.,) asks: "Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. Which city has the most inhabitants, Brooklyn or St. Louis? 2d. Who or what was Lalla Rookh? 3d. How many religious sects are there, and which has the largest number? 4th. What was the name of the first newspaper published in the United States? 5th. What do you think of my writing? 6th. Were the remains of Sir John Franklin ever discovered? 7th. Can you tell me who was the author of the ballad, 'Father, come home with me now?'" 1st. Brooklyn. It has about 100,000 more population than St. Louis. 2d. Lalla Rookh is an imaginary character, drawn by Thomas Moore in his poem of that title. The scene of the poem is laid in Asia, and she is represented as a princess, journeying to the Valley of Cashmere, for the pleasant purpose of being married. The poem consists of a series of tales, related to her during this journey. 3d. In the Christian Church there are about twelve principal sects, while if we include all the minor sects and subdivisions they may number 100. The Roman Catholics are most numerous. Of Protestant sects the Lutherans are most numerous. 4th. The Boston News Letter. The first number was dated April 24th, 1704. It continued a weekly issue until 1776. 5th. It is plain, but by no means perfect. 6th. No. Numerous traces of his expedition have been found, in cairns, and in the possession of the natives, but no remains of himself or his crew. 7th. No.

C. M. B., writes: "1st. A few years ago you published the directions how to make a telescope cheap, but powerful enough to see the rings of Saturn. Will you republish that, or you, or some one of your readers who has studied optics, give some simple directions how to construct a simple yet powerful telescope? Lenses of different powers and different focuses can be had of most any jeweller, and any tinner can make the tubes. But a telescope of any ordinary power costs so much that but few can have the privilege of owning one. 2d. Once the Leaning Tower of Pisa was called one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Now I see by one of your answers that it is left out. How long ago was it dropped, and what one takes its place? In your paper of May 10th you answer a question of Katie Lee, (Culpeper County, Va.,) asking if 'an honest man is the noblest work of God,' and 'spare the rod and spoil the child,' are quotations from the Bible? The last quotation would be from the Bible if it was correct, which it is not, as any one can see by turning to Proverbs, 23d chapter and 14th verse, which reads quite differently. Her quotation is from an old ditty, and the verse reads as follows:—

'Solomon speaks, his words are mild,
Spare the rod and spoil the child—
No, dear mother, don't do so,
But whip me well and let me go.'"

1st. We do not remember the directions to which you refer, and would not know where to look for them now. Perhaps some correspondent may be able to give you the information desired. We think it doubtful if any instrument of any considerable power can be made cheaply. You can easily learn the cost of the lens, and what it will cost to make a cheap tube. 2d. The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a modern institution, built in the Middle Ages. The Seven Wonders belong to the ancient world. We believe there have been printed parallel instances of modern wonders, but these would number now more nearly seventy than seven. We are obliged for your information respecting the quotation.

R. H. W., (Mississippi,) asks: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. When a floor has an oil-cloth on it what do you say? Can you say that it is carpeted, or not? 2d. How are the Cubans getting along? Are they still at war? 3d. Who was Greenhow, and what was he sent to Mexico for in 1836?" 1st. It might be said to be carpeted, by an extension of the idea of carpeting to every kind of floor covering. But in the ordinary acceptation of the term it would not be carpeted, but covered with oil-cloth. 2d. They are still at war, and, so far as appears, in much the same position as they were several years ago. 3d. The only person we know of that name was Robert Greenhow, an American writer, who published a History of Oregon and California. We do not know of his being sent to Mexico. He died in San Francisco in 1854.

EULA B., (Georgia,) writes: "As you are kind enough to answer the questions of so many others, I have come to ask your help for once. Having seen the sentence, 'The public is invited to attend' in a newspaper, several friends and myself have been disputing about it. I contend that the sentence is correct, while others contend that it is not. They say it should be 'The public are invited to attend.' I say, it is a collective noun, expressing many as one whole, and requires a verb in the singular. They say it addresses each one. I think if it addresses each one it should have a verb in the singular. Please reply and help us in this perplexity, and you will oblige me very much indeed." You are both correct, according to a very good authority in grammatical questions. W. C. Fowler, in his work on The English Language, gives the following rule: "When a verb has for its object a collective noun, it can agree with it either in the singular or the plural number." Much regard is to be had to usage, and to unity or plurality of idea. In general, modern practice inclines to the use of the plural verb. If the collective noun is preceded by a definitive which clearly limits the sense of the word to the idea of unity, it requires a verb and a pronoun to agree with it in the singular number; as, "A company of troops was raised," or "This people has become a great nation." In the instance given by you, we think "The public are invited" is to be preferred.

SCOUT, LITTLE JOE AND ST. LEGER, (Philadelphia,) write: "We are constant readers of your valuable journal, and take great interest in its correspondents' column. As we desire to gain some knowledge in regard to two famous personages, we deem it would be no harm to write to you concerning them. 1st. When was David Crockett born? 2d. Did he marry? If so, when and whom? 3d. Where did he usually reside? 4th. When and where was Christopher Carson, the scout, born? 5th. When and where did he die? 6th. Did he marry? If so, whom and when? 7th. Where did he usually reside? 8th. Would it be too great an encroachment on your time and space to give us a few of the sayings of Crockett?" We will give you a few of these particulars. But it is not our object in this column to give complete biographies of any individuals. David Crockett was born in Tennessee in 1786. He married when young a lady residing near his birthplace. He generally resided in Tennessee. Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky in 1809. He generally resided in the Rocky Mountains and the adjoining territories. He died in 1868. We do not know whether he was married or not.

A., (Philadelphia,) asks: "Do you consider the following sentence correct? 'The book is a present from my brother Richard, him that keeps the book-store.'" No. It should be, As that keeps the book-store. Or it might read—from my brother Richard, *from* him that keeps the book-store. As to the other question, you might call and see the editor.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]